The Bystander. No. 56 Vol. IV. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1904

SHORT STORY by MAXIM GORKY 6d.

THE BYSTANDER

£2,000 ACCIDENT POLICY

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers

(FOUNDED 1871.)

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, LIMITED.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Head Office: 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

£2,000

Will be paid to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket killed in an accident to Train, Omnibus, Tram-Car, or Cab, within the United Kingdom.

£1,000

To the holder of the Coupon. In case of Total Disablement— the Loss of Two Limbs.

£500

In case of Partial Disablement— the Loss of One Limb

£2,000 will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder. Or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle) the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 27th day of December, 1904, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 4th day of January, 1905.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance either direct to our Publisher, or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their Subscriptions provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps, for registration, to

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. you receive THE BYSTANDER *weekly for* 52 *weeks and are insured as above*
And „ „ „ 14*s.* 1*d.* „ „ „ „ 26 „ „ „ „ „ „

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached

Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 56.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newpsaper] Wednesday, December 28, 1904 [Price 6d. By Post. 6½d.

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Miss Ada Potter

Who has been playing leading *rôles* in the season of Old English Plays at the Royalty Theatre

No. 56.—Vol. IV.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, December 28, 1904

	PAGE
Frontispiece	783
The World's Pageant	785
"At the Sign of the Times"	788
People of Interest	793
San Marino and Mr. William Le Queux	797
Russia's Forty Years' War in the Caucasus	800
Concerning Mr. Birrell, K.C. (No. 56 of the Series)	804
Sport in the Alps	806
Young Moore's Almanack, 1905 ...	810
"The Bystander's" Anticipations for 1905	812
Our Short Story—"The Khan and His Son." By Maxim Gorky	814
The Dancing Doll at Wyndham's ...	816
The Library	819
Gossip About Books	821
By Field, Stream, and Covert. Edited by the Hon. L. J. Bathurst ...	823
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	826
Automobile Topics	828
Rugby: Old Merchant Taylors v. Old Alleynians, at Richmond	832
An Afternoon at the Garrick Theatre	833
Matters Musical	836
The Art of Book Illustration	837
A Woman's Pocket Book	838
Fashionable Facts and Fancies ...	840

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, The Bystander Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Ronald Lindsay." By May Wynne. (John Long: 6*s.*)

Vinton's Agricultural Almanac for 1905. (Vinton and Co., Ludgate Circus, E.C.: 6*d.*)

Herbert Fry's Royal Guide to the London Charities, 1905. (Chatto and Windus: 1*s.* 6*d.*)

"Her Own Enemy." A Play in Four Acts. By Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton. (John Long: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Deerslayer" and "The Pathfinder." By Fenimore Cooper. New editions. Illustrated by H. M. Brock and C. E. Brock. (Macmillan: 2*s.* each.)

"Westward Ho!" By Charles Kingsley. New edition. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. (Macmillan: 2*s.*)

"London Lyrics." By F. Locker Sampson. New edition. (Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 19 0
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	19 5
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 9

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"The Bystander" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

Notice.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

THE BYSTANDER
Special Xmas Number.

As we have so few copies of our Double Xmas Number, with the two coloured plates by Lawson Wood, we have decided to raise the price to

ONE SHILLING.

Applications should be addressed to the Publisher, The Bystander Office, Tallis Street, E.C., by whom this Special Number will be forwarded to any address in the British Isles for 1/1½.

A SPLENDID PRESENT
To Friends and Relations at Home or Abroad.

The three last Quarters of "The Bystander," bound in green stamped cloth, with gold letterings,

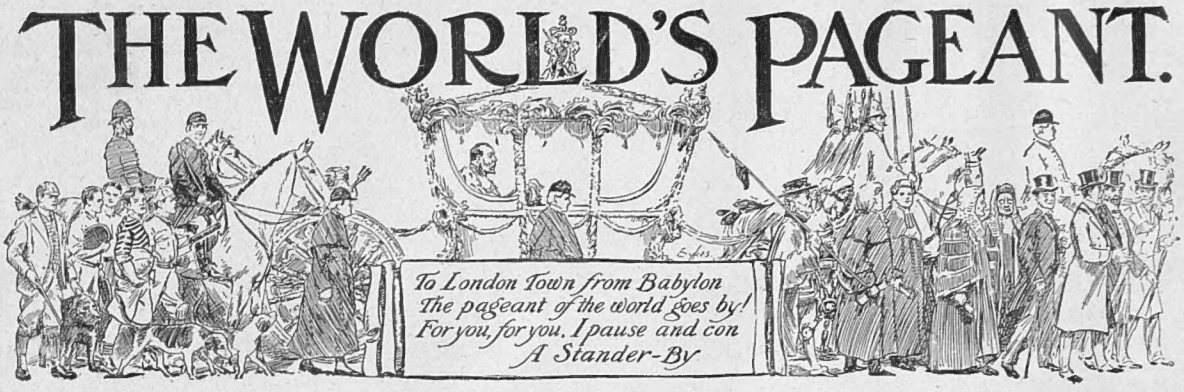
Price 10/6 per Volume.

Vol. III. contains over 800 pages, and 1,500 Pictures. The most complete record of the World's doings to be found in any publication.

POSTAL RATES FOR BRITISH ISLES:—

1 Vol.	Is.	extra
2 Vols.	Is. 6d.	,,
3 Vols.	2s.	,,

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.



London: Wednesday, December 28, 1904

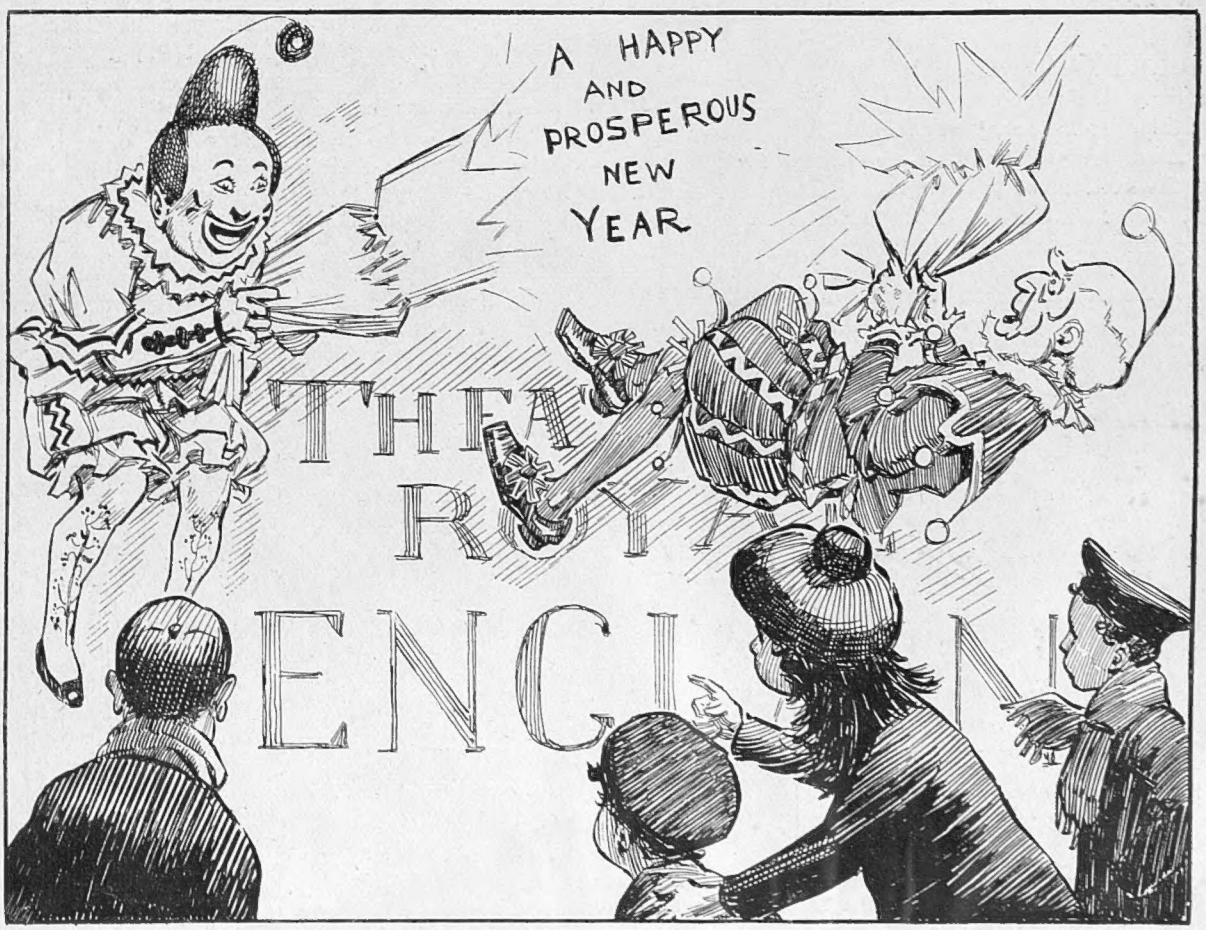
In another few days we shall be celebrating—if one may use the phrase in this connection—the advent of the year 1905. May it be a prosperous and happy one to the readers of THE BYSTANDER. And if this seems a qualified or stilted expression to use, we may amplify it by wishing happiness and prosperity to the world at large, whether they patronise this journal or not.

* * *

To be sure, the signs of coming prosperity are not unpropitious. The Mother Country and her Colonial daughters were never more closely bound together, and they are yearly becoming richer and more prosperous, aided by British capital and the brains and sinews of our young adventurers who carry the burden of Empire. Business is fast improving, even if fortunes are not being made so quickly as was the case a few years back; but, with a fine cotton crop and other indications of reviving industry, John Bull is still able to show his rival Jonathan that there is plenty of virility in him, and that he is not the worse man of the two.

* * *

The one unhealthy sore in an otherwise United Empire is the state of affairs in South Africa. The mine owners, who rejoice mostly in foreign names and belong to the Jewish persuasion, may or may not be in the right in having imported Chinese labour. Undoubtedly, though, discontent is rife among the white population of the mining districts, and poverty has reached an acute state there. The one remedy which must be applied to Britain in the Transvaal is to grant



A CRACKER FOR CHILDREN—OLD AND YOUNG

it the same self-government which it enjoys elsewhere. This will, doubtless, come about, and the sooner it is instituted the sooner will the sore heal.

* * *

But though our outlook may be brightening, there are many grave issues being decided elsewhere. The eyes of the world are now, more than ever, being directed on Russia, who is in the throes of a struggle which may be destined to have the most momentous consequences to the history of mankind. The vacillating Tsar, helpless in the power of the Grand Dukes, who number many determined and utterly reckless individuals among them, has refused to consider even the most elementary proposals for the granting of needed reforms.

* * *

Tyranny and oppression have so long been suffered by the people of Russia that the reactionaries, who surround the throne and dictate their policy to the monarch, imagine that what sufficed in the past will suffice equally in the future. That is where the vital error is being made. Tyrants and oppressors have flourished in the past, but only when they have been persons of sufficient intelligence to know when it is time to yield. The temper of the Russian people is now ominous: they have suffered patiently for centuries, but the day of retribution is at hand. The misery of the war, unpopular and loathed, is turning the balance. It has made men desperate. Far better, they argue, attack a *régime* which has ground them down than submit to be hustled to Manchuria to fight an enemy against whom there is no feeling of antipathy, let alone hatred.

* * *

At the worst the revolutionist faces death, but there is just as much likelihood that he will have his grave dug in the Far East as in Russia. On the other hand, at home he will be fighting for a real cause. There is no futile squabble for colonial territory here, but a struggle for the freedom of the man against the most terrible and Machiavellian system of Government that has ever existed. Strong may be Russia's police,

M. de Witte, the famous Russian Statesman

Who is said to have warned the Tsar that if he was unable to grant reform the people would endeavour to obtain it by force

perfect may be her system of espionage, while her methods of chicanery and lying may command the admiration of every would-be tyrant. But of what efficacy are these against one hundred millions of desperate people? The torch of rebellion is being lighted; and once lighted, one can but think of the French Revolution and shudder.

* * *

There is yet a slight chance that the Tsar may be brought to consider the ominous portents that are apparent to everyone else. M. de Witte is said to have warned him, in his usual outspoken manner. If he still stiffens his neck, one shudders for his dynasty. Abraham Lincoln's words have often been quoted, that their appositeness needs no apology now: "You may fool all the people some of the time; you may fool some of the people all the time; but you cannot fool *all* the people *all* the time."

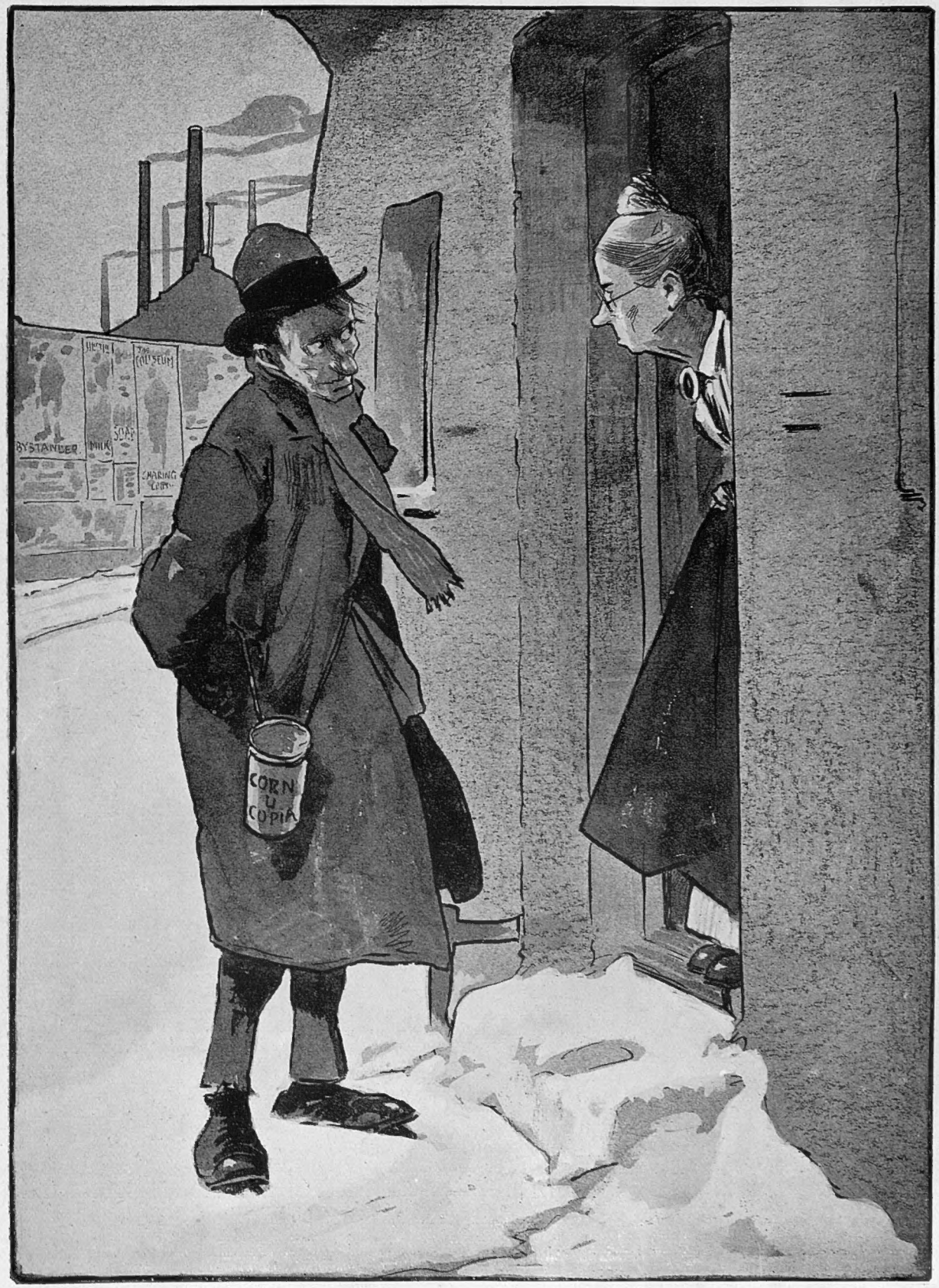
Some of the enormities Tommy Atkins is accused of committing—

—In spite of which, good kind Santa-Arnold-Forster-Claus has a nice rifle for him with the latest improvements

A Problem for the Unemployed

" Work will only be offered to persons of at least six months' standing in London "

(Extract from Rules for application of Great Fund for the Unemployed)



Tramp: "Beg pardon, lady, but may I stop six months wiv yer, so's to qualify for a 'unemployed' in this district?"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

"At the Sign of the Times"

Between the Dates

It is all over—Christmas we mean—and in a day or two it will be seemly to look forward to the New Year. The making of good resolutions for the ensuing months will cheer those who are at present feeling a little melancholy. There is always bound to be a reaction after Christmas, except for the cynic. Nature demands it. The pleasure we derived from giving presents is balanced by the pain inflicted upon us by having to pay for them. The delight we experienced in receiving presents is mitigated by the contemplation forced on us by the necessity of writing letters expressive of our gratitude. The *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* should have a steady sale during this period.

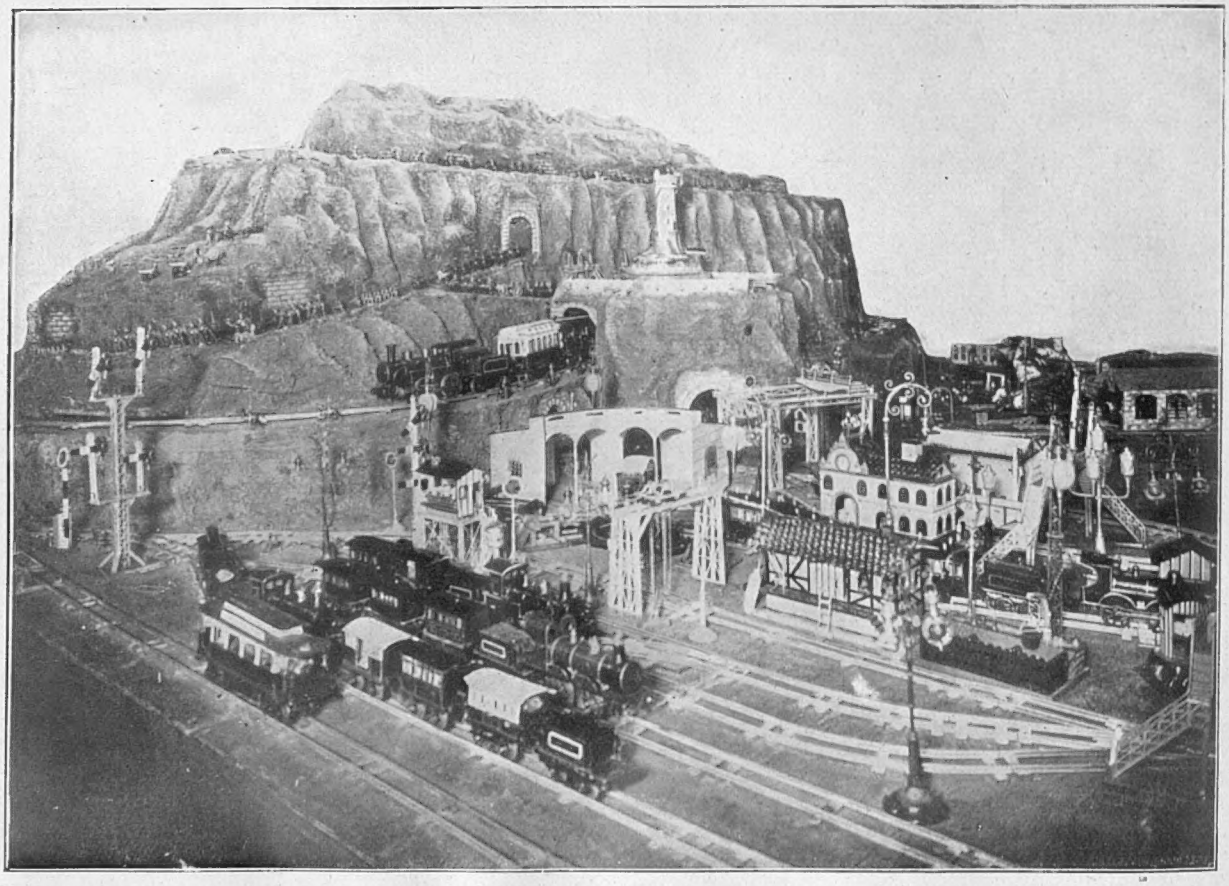
A Consoling Thought

No Christmas has ever been more productive of charitable schemes than this one of 1904. Every newspaper has had an idea, and most of them have carried it through. Some critics maintain that this seasonal charity is too brief to cope with the real demand. But the admirable results are surely amply evidenced by the fact that no man, woman, or child who went hungry this Christmas Day need despair. They will have another chance of a meal next Christmas.

Old-fashioned

A striking example of the real conservatism underlying the so-called progressiveness of Japan has been brought to our notice. Although the Russians, by deliberately sinking their Port Arthur ships, have possessed themselves of one of the most powerful submarine flotillas in the world, Admiral Togo can think of no reply to this move except that of keeping his fleet above water on the old lines.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE TOY IN LONDON



This gigantic fort now forms the centre-piece of Gamage's Toy Bazaar. Standing alone, it costs £40, but it is surrounded by a mesh of railway lines which, if bought with the fort, will bring the price up to £250. The whole piece took a fortnight to erect in its present position, but can be re-erected elsewhere much more rapidly, for everything is now in working order. The railway lines, if placed end to end, would cover a distance of a mile, and the rolling stock gives examples of every method of traffic locomotion. The fort, which was made in Germany, but is populated by 1,000 British soldiers, British made, stands quite 6 ft. high. It is 15 ft. long and 8 ft. wide. The soldiers are representative of every branch of the British Army, and march and countermarch to military band music, played by a concealed gramophone. Guns of all sorts and conditions constitute the armament of this elaborate and expensive toy

A Sign of the Times: Miss Chrysanthemum tries her new free-wheeler (latest pattern)

Somebody's Somebody

The habit of provoking curiosity is becoming fixed with our publishers. What, for instance, is "a man's man"? The hero of Mr. Ralph Connor's forthcoming book (which we may not find time to read) is a man's man. A "lady's man" we know, by name, at any rate; and "a poet's poet," Spenser being often instanced as the latter. "A gentleman's gentleman" we have also heard of. They suggest some definite notion which "a man's man" does not to our intelligence, unless Ouida's heroes were examples of him. However, there is, no doubt, room in literature for all sorts of new types — including the man's man, and the woman's woman, and the child's child. In time to come, some of our gifted novelists may even present us with the portraits of the elephant's elephant, and the gnu's gnu. The latter would certainly (if Mr. Punch will forgive us for saying so) be gnu.

The Indiscretion of Mr. Kyre

Mr. Kung Sung Kyre, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Korean Government, has been confiding to an interviewer that there is nothing for him to do. It is believed that Ambassadors in general, with whom secrecy on such topics has always been a matter of etiquette, are much annoyed with Mr. Kyre for so indiscreetly revealing the nature of an Envoy's duties.

How to Spell a Brigand

The Morocco brigand, who spends his time in delivering ineffectual attacks upon the *Times* correspondent, is one of those persons whose names vary considerably in the spelling. Some of our leader writers refer to him as Rais Uli; others write him down Rais-uli; some record him as Raisuli simply. And yet we are annoyed when foreign papers refer to "the English bandit, Joechamberlain."

Scape-goats?

What is the reason, by the way for the dead-set often made upon *Times* correspondents in countries so distant and so far apart as Russia, Morocco, and the Transvaal! One would have supposed that the austerity of their style and the reliability of their information would rather recommend them to the inhabitants. If they split their infinitives and raked up petty scandals, as some other correspondents do, one could better understand the rancour they excite. Can it be that foreign purchasers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* regard the *Times* correspondents as responsible for that work; and take vengeance accordingly?

How to Advertise a Patent

Mr. Birrell, summing up Mr. Chamberlain's policy in a recent speech, called it "a patent medicine which is said to cure all evils and every kind of disease." If so, Mr. Chamberlain's supporters might purchase the copyright of a well-known advertisement and serve it up advantageously after this manner:

(1) "What's the matter?" "Tin-plate works." "Have you tried the Tariff Reform League pamphlets?" "No, I haven't." "Well, write to the secretary, Mr. Vince, and be comforted!"

(2) "What's the matter?" "Straw-hats." "Have you tried the T. A. L. pamphlets?" "No, I haven't." "Well, write," etc.

(3) "What's the matter?" "Cement." "Have you tried . . ." etc., etc.

(4) "What's the matter?" "Starvation." "Have you . . ." etc.

The replies could be filled in automatically, as soon as a newly-ruined industry floats into Mr. Chamberlain's ken.

Sweating the Justices

The *Daily News* census for the week before Christmas shows that Justices had to listen to summonses of Passive Resisters at the rate of sixty a day. Our contemporary is doing a public service in calling attention to the heartless way in which our magistrates are being overworked. Only very conscientious men would submit to such treatment.

Cavalry Extravagance

Apropos of extravagance among cavalry officers, the Army Council has just pointed out that the evil has a far-reaching effect, inasmuch that, in order to obtain officers and keep regiments up to their (very costly) establishment, it has been found necessary to relax the regulations as regards educational tests, with the result that "the standard of education and intelligence has been lowered." This is a monstrous state of affairs, and we only hope that the Army Council will make one last vast effort to put an end to it.

A Suggestion

Should failure, however, attend this effort, as it seems to have attended many previous ones, it is clear that something else must be tried. Cavalry we must have; and we can only accept the officers who offer themselves, however unintelligent. But it may be remembered that a cavalry officer rides a horse. Why not educate the horse? True, the Berlin scientists have denied even to the thinking "Hans" a human intelligence, but he has an intelligence of his own. He might not be able to take the place of an officer of the Intelligence Department, but for a cavalryman—well, he ought certainly to prove a useful aid. It is only a suggestion, of course.

MINIMUS.

Bystander Philosophy

A fool and his money are soon parted—and the sooner the better.

If you must go among thieves, and you are a wise man, see that there is money in your purse.

A loan is as good as a gift. Jews are generous.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The recent mass meeting of unemployed in Trafalgar Square

Nearly 3,000 unemployed held a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square the Sunday before last. The distress in the East End was reflected in the speeches, which were decidedly inflammatory in character, and consisted in denunciations of the inhabitants of the "West End" and of the Government. Hardly any of the recognised labour leaders were present, the orators consisting mainly of members of the Socialist Party

Nobody knows why bishops wear aprons. It is not the cowl that makes the monk.

Morality is a compromise between *festina lente* and *laissez-faire.*

Widowers do not re-marry with the idea of accumulating mothers-in-law.

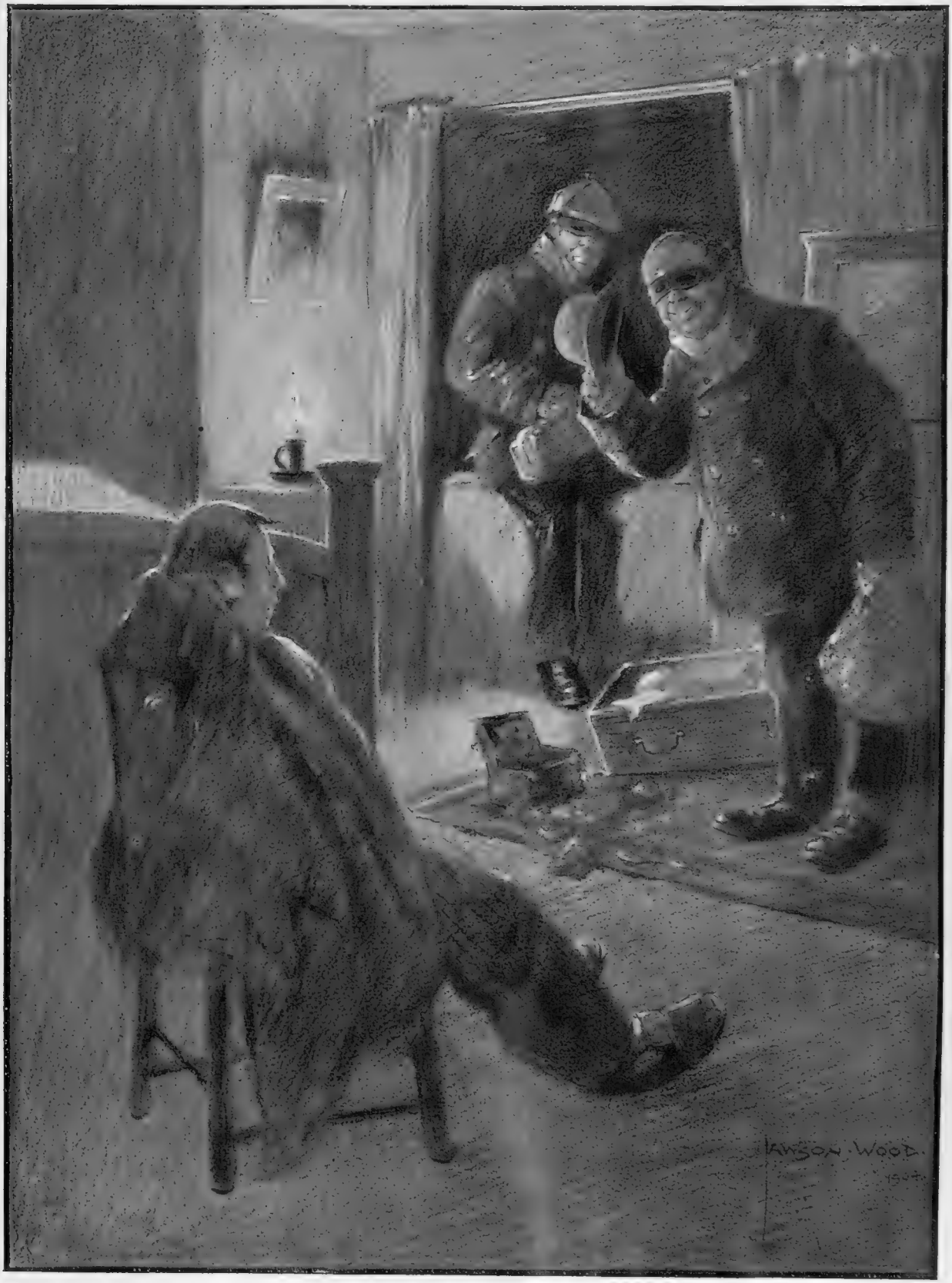
Never put on to-day what you want clean for to-morrow.

Pity the centenarian. He is an orphan.

What incurable disease is never referred to in life insurance forms. *Cacoëthes scribendi.*

Is an egg really worth criticising? *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

The Compliments of the Season



Polite Burglar *(who has started the year well)*: **"Good mornin', sir, and a 'Appy New Year"**

"The Catch of the Season"

DRAWN BY LANCE THACKERAY

With apologies to the authors of the piece at the Vaudeville Theatre

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

The Earl of Suffolk

Photo by *Barnett*

Miss Daisy Leiter

WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS QUIETLY CELEBRATED IN WASHINGTON, U.S.A., YESTERDAY (DECEMBER 27)

An Anglo-American Alliance

The latest Anglo-American alliance is that of Miss Daisy Leiter and Lord Suffolk, which took place very quietly yesterday (December 27) in Washington. The bride and bridegroom are leaving immediately for England, and will spend some time at Charlton, Lord Suffolk's historic and beautiful place. In appearance the new peeress closely resembles her sister, Lady Curzon, and is noted for her unconventionality and frankness of speech. Miss Leiter visited India at the time of the Durbar, and was the only woman there who refused the courtesy to Lady Curzon, excusing herself not on account of her relationship only, but because she was a free-born American. It was in India that she first met Lord Suffolk, who acts as aide-de-camp to Lord Curzon, and an attachment sprung up between the two. Lord Suffolk is a keen sportsman, a good cricketer, and his Earldom is one of the oldest in England. He is also much interested in theatrical matters, and, this summer, organised several performances of *The Country Girl* in aid of various charities.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Mrs. Langtry

Who, on January 18, starts a season at Terry's Theatre with a three-act comedy, entitled *Mrs. Dering's Divorce*

Lady Cromartie

Lady Cromartie is a peeress in her own right, and one of the largest landowners in the country, the value of her estates having been much enhanced of late years by the growing popularity of Strathpeffer, as that popular spa belongs almost entirely to her. It is now five years since she married Major Blunt, of the Royal Artillery, and their only surviving child, a little boy, who was born a month or two ago, will one day be a very important personage, as heir to the immense property of his father and mother. Physically and mentally, Lady Cromartie presents a great contrast to her sister, Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson. She is small and slight, with delicately cut features, and pretty dark hair. She prefers quieter and less strenuous pursuits to those chosen by her athletic sister. She reads a great deal, also writes (her first book was published a short time ago), and looks after the interests of her tenants. She is the owner of Castle Leod, one of the most picturesque places in the north of Scotland.

The Premier Marquis of England

Photo by [*Langfier*

The Countess of Cromartie

Who is one of the largest landowners in the country

Photo by *Langfier*

The Marquis of Winchester

Premier Marquis of England and a most successful agriculturist

Lord Winchester

Lord Winchester, the premier Marquis of England, who has lately been made Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire in succession to Lord Northbrook, has not been in possession of his title for more than a year or two. His brother, the late Marquis, was killed fighting gallantly at the battle of Magersfontein, in which he only followed the traditions of the Paulets, who are a heroic race, born with a love of adventure and of battle in their blood. The present Lord Winchester went off to India and Ceylon at a very early age, and in his later travels he shot big game in the Rockies and in Africa. It was at Capetown that he first met the beautiful Irishwoman who is now his wife. Since his accession to the title, Lord Winchester has settled down and become a model landlord. His estate at Amport St. Mary's, Andover, reminds one of Arcadia, and its owner has managed to solve the agricultural question to his own and his tenants' satisfaction. The old Adam, however, shows itself in Lord Winchester's love of motoring, as he is severely bitten with the fashionable craze.

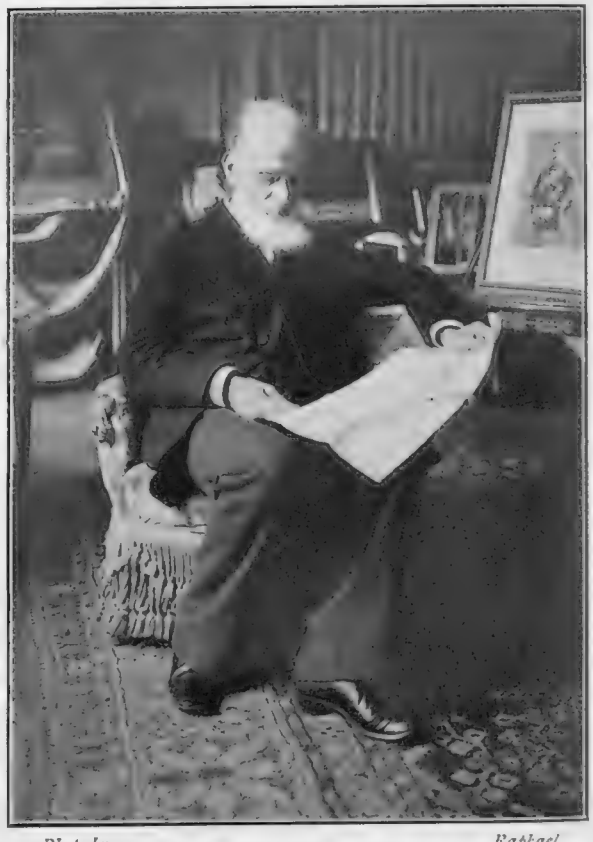


Photo by *Raphael*

Count Tornielli

The Italian Ambassador to Paris

Count Tornielli

While *Ententes Cordiales* are the order of the day, Count Tornielli, the Italian Ambassador to Paris, has been working extremely hard to patch up the old misunderstanding between France and his country, and, if a series of convivial and commercial banquets be

Russian Peasant Family named Williams

proof of success, he has undoubtedly succeeded. Count Tornielli is, physically and metaphorically, the longest-headed statesman of the Diplomatic Corps in Paris, and his amusing little speeches, made in the inimitable Italian accent, which long years of French experience have failed to wipe away, are much sought after at all kinds of gatherings. I heard it said of him one evening, in comparison with an ambassador to Paris who has latterly retired from active service, that there were two things which were necessary for the success of any international banquet here, viz., to make Count Tornielli speak, and to prevent —— (here the other name)—from speaking. The fact that the quip was made not long after the Fashoda trouble may give you some clue to the identity of Count Tornielli's illustrious opposite.

Photo by] **Lady Mount-Stephen** [*Cameron Studio*

Who recently entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales

Lady Mount-Stephen

Lady Mount-Stephen, who has lately been the hostess of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was a Miss Gian Tufnell, the daughter of a captain in the Royal Navy, and only married Lord Mount-Stephen in 1897. She has been honoured for years with the friendship of the Princess of Wales, and the latter has often been her guest. Brocket Hall is a most charming residence; it belongs to Lord Cowper, who lets it to its present occupiers. It has been the home of two Prime Ministers—Lord Palmerston and Lord Melbourne—both of whom died within its walls. Lord Mount-Stephen, the first of our Canadian peers, has a history full of the most startling contrasts and vicissitudes. He began life as a herd boy, from which he developed into a draper's assistant, only emigrating to Canada at the age of twenty-one, where he acquired fame and fortune as the head of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Unfortunately, Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen have no son, and the title will lapse at the death of its present holder. By an odd coincidence, the other two Canadian Baronies, those of Strathcona and Macdonald of Earnscliffe (Ontario), are also without male heirs, though Lord Strathcona has obtained a special patent by which his daughter inherits his title at his death.

A unique photograph of a Russian peasant family of the name of Williams!

Robert Williams was captured by the Russians during the Crimean War, and settled outside Moscow. He took out papers of naturalisation and married a Russian woman. His sons are named respectively Robert Robertovitch, Feodr Robertovitch, and Matvei Robertovitch. The boy in the illustration is a grandson

Dr. Doyen's Remarkable Cancer Cure

An Englishman a Russian Subject

It is a well-known fact that all the lone spots of the earth are peopled by Englishmen, and should there be any uninhabited, traces of at least one Englishman's residence are sure to be found. With all his love of country, it is the most difficult thing in the world for him to stay in it. He must be burning under fierce African heats or freezing amid Arctic snows, or life is a burden to him. Perhaps the last place in the world one might expect to find an Englishman is living in Russia as a naturalised Russian peasant, and a subject of the Tsar. Robert Williams, the old man of our photograph, was captured by the Russians during the Crimean War, and, instead of returning to England at the end of the war, he settled outside Moscow, and married a Russian woman. His sons, who are seated by him, are named after the Russian manner—Robert Robertovitch, Feodr Robertovitch, and Matvei Robertovitch.

Lady Clancarty

The announcement in the papers that Lady Clancarty has returned from Paris, cured of cancer, if a cure really has been effected, marks one of the most extraordinary advances in medical science, and will bring relief to many thousands of poor sufferers from that most terrible, malignant disease, for which it has been said hitherto no remedy could be found. Lady Clancarty, it will be remembered, was once Belle Bilton, the very beautiful and popular actress of the vaudeville stage. She married Lord Clancarty fourteen years ago, and they have four children, the eldest being Lord Kilcoonel, whose thirteenth birthday occurred yesterday, while their youngest child is a little boy, who was born last year. Since their marriage, Lord and Lady Clancarty have lived a very retired life at their seat, Garbally Park, in Co. Galway, but not long ago Lord Clancarty was staggered by the announcement of two of the greatest cancer specialists that the Countess could not live more than six weeks. Operations were performed, but in vain, and finally the verdict seemed to be given by Sir Arthur Vernon Macan, President of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland, to confirm the opinions of his colleagues. As a last resource, Lord Clancarty took his wife to Paris and placed her under the treatment of Dr. Doyen. Dr. Doyen put her under treatment in March last, and she has had, in all, twenty-nine inoculations of the anti-cancer serum. The wonderful result is that her ladyship, frail but delighted, comes back to us, just as the New Year is dawning, with a mission that will bring hope and joy to many whose plight has hitherto seemed hopeless.

Photo by *Bassano*

The Countess of Clancarty

Whom Dr. Doyen, the great Parisian Specialist, has succeeded in curing of cancer. Lady Clancarty's case has aroused universal admiration and wonder

San Marino and Mr. William Le Queux

THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD AND ITS LITERARY AMBASSADOR

The United States has been an example to the world in rewarding men of letters by sending them forth to the ends of the earth as ambassadors and consuls. Washington Irving, Russell Lowell, Bret Harte, are names of the past that arise to one's mind in this connection, and among the many living American authors who have represented their native land in other countries, we have Colonel John Hay and Mr. W. D. Howells, and now the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, one-time United States Minister to France, is coming as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. But, if England has been slow to trust her foreign affairs to the hands of imaginative men of letters, there is no reason why the latter should not find elsewhere the glory withheld at home. Chevalier Le Queux has shown the way. One had always said he has given his brethren the *cue*; but we must avoid such frivolity in a matter of this gravity.

Mr. William Le Queux, as THE BYSTANDER readers know very well, can write good stories, and his reward is great. But greater than the glitter of the well-earned gold is the gleam of the gilt glory which this romancist presents when arrayed in the official regalia he wears on great State occasions, as Chevalier of the Order of San Marino and Consul of that ancient Republic. It all came, one suspects, of his having been appointed secretary to the British Diplomatic Mission to San Marino in connection with an extradition treaty in 1900. San Marino, you must know, claims to be the oldest State in Europe. As the old Scotch gardener said to the lady, who mentioned that the glass in which she was offering him "a dram" was a hundred years' old, "It's verra wee for its age!" It is scarcely thirty-three square miles in extent, and its annual revenue isn't much more than its Consul can make out of two or three novels, and he can write these quicker than most of his contemporaries. He has written so many that we have not read them all, and quite possibly he may have laid the scene of one in that quaint old country which he represents so picturesquely at his country seat at Castor, Peterborough.

To have looked upon the person of San Marino's English representative—after all, one learns with regret that the Chevalier Le Queux is a Frenchman by parentage, though born in London—is a delusive prelude to a visit to the Republic, for, though Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this distinguished Consul, the great State officials of the Republic are quite commonplace in comparison. To visit them and their country one may drive from Rimini, on the Adriatic, as we did one glorious April morning, and following the white ribbon of a road which ran between fields, now red

The heights of San Marino, as seen when driving across country from Rimini, on the Adriatic

with anemones, now faintly golden with tasselled narcissus, soon saw before us the beetling rocks, crowned by the cluster of houses which represent the capital of San Marino.

"Now," the driver informed us, as we crossed a mountain stream by a hoary stone bridge, "now we are in San Marino."

Half an hour later there came into view a farm-house, hardly wearing that air of orderliness one would look for from a prosperous homestead in England, and with discoloured patches on its front that would assuredly make a good yeoman ache to apply the white-wash brush.

"That," volunteered the Jehu, with that tolerant air that he had worn ever since he had learned the destination of his fare, "that is the country President's house. That," flecking his long whip," is his vineyard. He works there himself. They are all poor, and work them selves in San Marino."

Photo by **Mr. William Le Queux** *Hana*

The famous novelist is Consul in England for the Republic of San Marino, and has his Consular office at Peterborough

In a little while we began the serious business of the ascent. Round and round the road curved and circled; abruptly it rose, and yet more abruptly; hotter became the two sturdy horses; louder cracked—happily, in the air—that great long whip.

At length the halt came, by the main gate, with the massive walls, still in excellent repair—branching out either side from it, and we learned that not a street in all San Marino was wide enough to admit the landau.

We stepped out. The sun was blazing with its noonday splendour,

A corner of the town of San Marino

Only one road leads from the plain below to the town of San Marino, while the streets of the town itself are so narrow that there is not room for a landau to run in any one of them

The two Captains Regent of San Marino

The Government of San Marino consists of an Upper and Lower House, elected by manhood suffrage. The executive is committed to two Captains Regent, whose official vestments are the mediæval costumes seen above

shimmering on the white houses, striking down on the steep, paved streets, for San Marino is, as it were, a hill on a hill. The whole population seemed, in a twinkling, to come out to look at us. Men paused with the cigarette halfway to their lips, women lifted themselves as they filled their beautifully shaped pitchers at the one fountain of the place, children crept shyly to their mother's petticoats, or blinked coal black eyes at us. But no one begged. In Italy, mind, and no one begged! At length a man came forward and offered himself for a guide. Upwards we toiled to the principal church, where in the baptistry, the faithful venerate the remains of San Marino, the far-off founder of the State.

The State has its own constitution, an instrument in keeping with the general quaintness. Two Captains Regent are elected simultaneously, one for the town, one for the country, who preside alternately, six months at a time. There are also two bodies of representatives, an Upper and a Lower House, chosen by manhood suffrage. The State has its own coinage, its own postage stamps, a standing army of FORTY men, and its Consul at Peterborough. Long may it prosper!

THE ELECTION OF THE SWISS PRESIDENT

M. Robert Comtesse, the retiring President

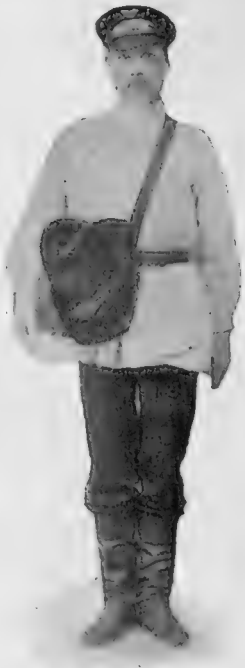
Photo by **M. Marc Ruchet, the new President** [*Krenn*

The election of a President of the Swiss Republic takes place annually. The short tenure of office robs the position of much of its importance. Indeed, the Swiss President has been likened, in the *rôle* he plays in the State, to the Lord Mayor of London

Russia's Forty Years' War in the Caucasus

THE RECORD MURDER COUNTRY OF EUROPE

"Simple Workmen"
Attired in this disguise, the Caucasian brigands enter Russian towns, and spy out the land



A Caucasian Policeman
Hundreds are in league with the bandits

According to a St. Petersburg estimate, Russia has lost thirty thousand men on the field alone in the gigantic struggle she is waging in Eastern Asia. Everyone is horrified at the slaughter. But how many realise that at the other end of the great Continent the Tsar is, and has been for forty years, engaged in a struggle which has cost as many lives, and can be terminated by no Treaty of Peace!

The "Frosty, serene, ineffably peaceful Caucasus," as a Muscovite poet calls it, is the scene of Russia's second war. It is the land of Ararat, the cradle of Post-Diluvian humanity, the land of three hundred languages and dialects, of almost as many tribes, of the giants Elburz and Kazbek, and of the most remarkable military road in the world. But at present it is also the record Murder Country of Europe and Asia.

Russia conquered the Caucasus finally as far back as 1859, when the hero Shamil surrendered to her arms. But she has never conquered the Caucasians. Being deprived of all military organisation, the wild inhabitants have taken, in their thousands, to brigandage and murder. Georgians, Osetians, Imeretians, Mingrelians—many nominally Christians; Moslem Circassians, Lesghians, Tartars, and Tchetchentsi, all fanatical followers of the Prophet, have "taken to the road," in the happy hope of cutting a Russian

Tiflis, the Capital of Russian Caucasia: The market-place may be seen on the left

Here seven men were butchered last July. It is interesting to note that this Asiatic city has "municipal butchers' shops," and a "municipal theatre." Life, however, is unsafe half-a-mile from the city

—or a fellow-tribesman's—throat, and making off with his purse, or his wife, to some remote mountain stronghold outside the reach of Muscovite vengeance.

Russia's Corrupt Policy

Russia's police are everywhere notoriously corrupt. In the Caucasus they are not only corrupt but are also largely recruited from the fierce natives, and are in sympathy with the plundering instincts of their fellow-tribesmen. From Erivan and Tiflis in the South, therefore, to Stavropol in the North, murder

Typical Lesghians Brigands

The old man on the right has been three times tried for brigandage, but each time escaped

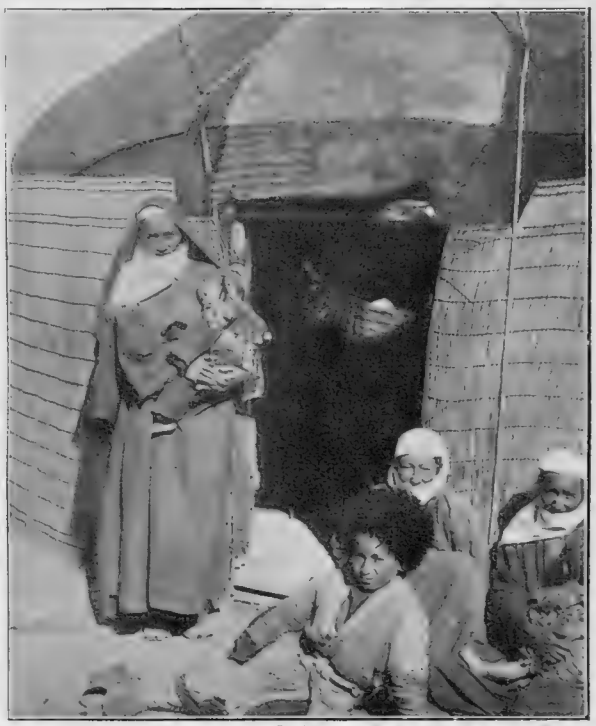
and outrage go on merrily. Men are slain, women torn from their homes, and horses and cattle driven off much as in the good old days of the Anglo-Scottish Border feuds. Two thousand deaths a year, some cold-blooded murders, or murder accompanied by torture, some inflicted in armed resistance to the authorities, is the total.

To put a stop to this, Russia attempts much, but effects nothing. "Increase of the police," wrote Prince Galitsin, the *Namiestnik*, despairingly, "is no use, unless one policeman could be appointed to watch every native." The brigands, bandits, and professional cutthroats, he adds, have such a high opinion of their profession that they consider a shooting affray a legitimate battle, and even send defiant notes to the police challenging them to combat.

Brigandage and Murder

Brigands penetrate to the suburbs of the biggest towns, shoot in the Cossack *stanitsas*, and steal Cossack horses. A captured policeman, only three weeks ago, was roasted to death in a hill stronghold near Grosni, and his comrade sent into the town with a note threatening all policemen with a similar fate if they dared interfere with the brigands' "trade." The Colonel in command of the police at Elizabetpol some months ago received a challenge from a brigand, known as Black Murabadze, to meet him in single combat. As punishment for ignoring the challenge, a bullet was sent through his office window in broad daylight.

Assassination is not confined to the country. At night, armed bandits sometimes ride boldly into big towns, like Vladikavkaz, commit outrages, and escape with their plunder. Many brigands have female spies in the houses of Russian officials and rich merchants, and from these women they receive news of expeditions, and of the setting-out of travellers with fat purses. The average Caucasian brigand requires payment twice over. He plunders his captive, and then holds him to ransom. After relieving a Georgian trader named Uman of 2,000 roubles, Murabadze sent his relatives a note demanding 10,000 roubles more, and as the money was not forthcoming, hanged Uman and left his body dangling over a precipice.



A Caucasian Bandit's Family

The dress of the woman standing indicates her to be the wife of a chief, in other words, bandit

Abduction of Women and Girls

Russian women and girls are not infrequently carried off, and many have disappeared without leaving a trace, the belief being that they were sold to Kurds or Persians across the frontiers. Some months ago three schoolgirls, named Samoiloff, were seized outside Tiflis, and recovered only after a desperate fight, in which three Cossacks and eight robbers were killed. They had been well treated, but threatened with torture if they screamed.

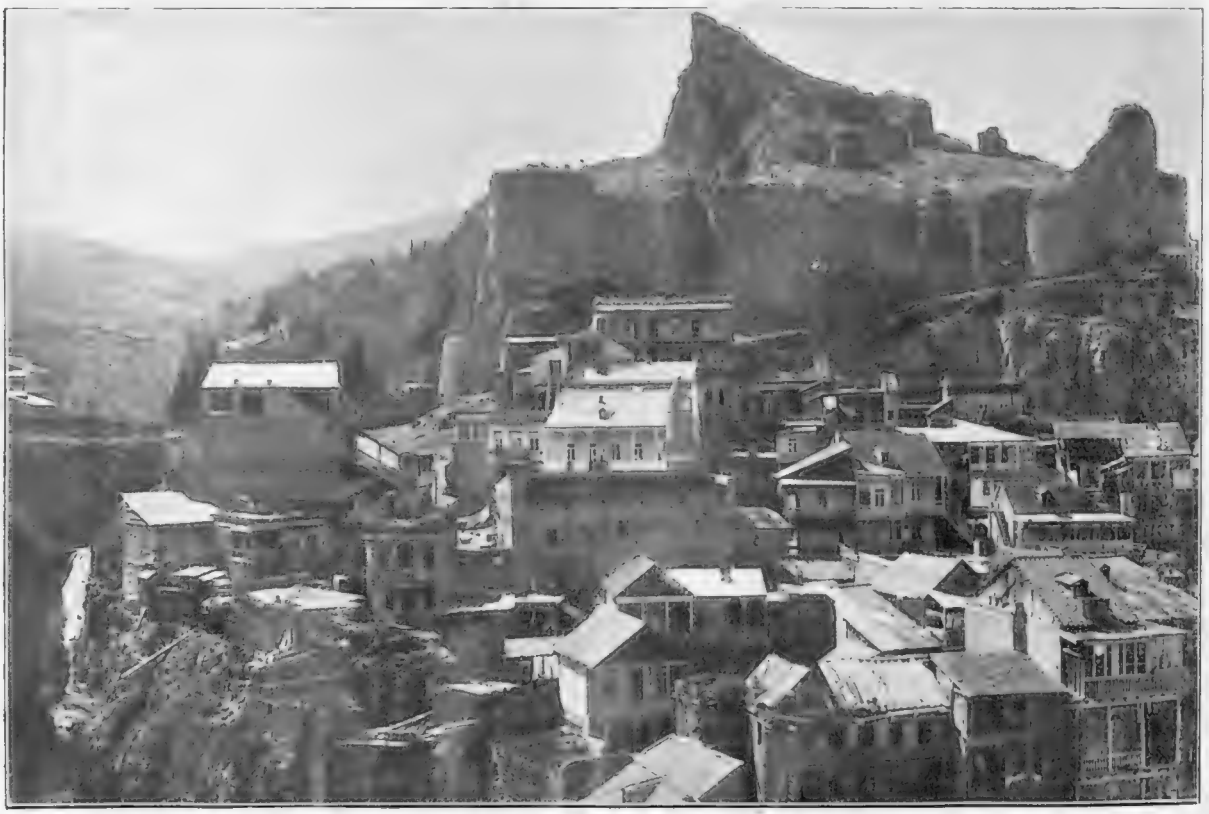
Some of the Tsar's turbulent Caucasian subjects are not without a sense of grim humour. A Russianised Tartar bandit, who called himself Ivan Krovopiitsa (John the Bloodsucker), recently caricatured himself hanging a captive, and sent it with a polite note demanding blackmail from a Grosni

The Caucasian's bread is dried fish

Hundreds of yards of fish, as arranged in the photograph, may be seen near the Caspian coast. The effect is to resemble a vast bridge

farmer. Another is said to drink his captives' healths before butchering them.

Apart from considerations of humanity, Russia has every reason for putting a stop to this reign of bloodshed. The Caucasus is her great military base for action in Central Asia. The Caucasus district, too, is Russia's great health resort; it has a delightful climate, scores of thermal springs; and almost the only picturesque scenery in the empire. But brigandage seems ineradicable. Most Russians declare that there will never be peace until the natives have exterminated one another. By that time, however, they will have also exterminated the Russian settlers. WM. MARTIN HERTZ.



The old castle of Tiflis with Russian houses underneath

Tiflis is the chief centre of trade between Russia and Persia, and has been in existence since the fifth century. In the Middle Ages, the inhabitants were famous as metal-workers, and the silversmiths and gunsmiths still maintain their reputation

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

CONCERNING MR. BIRRELL, K.C.

(NO. 56 OF THE SERIES)

Some men are born poets. Some are born orators. Some, according to a modern school of science, are born criminals. Augustine Birrell was certainly born a chairman. That benignant smile, that tact, that geniality, that peculiar power of investing the occasion with a character of pleasantness, and making everybody feel (in the deeply significant language of Uncle Remus) "sorter splimmy-splammy," could not be acquired. They are from within; from the place where those little masterpieces of wit and shrewdness, his essays, come from, and where those things of joy, his speeches, are conceived.

The Champion "Birreller"

None of these things can be imitated. "Dare to be a Daniel" is the advice tendered in one of the devotional songs of our childhood, and the enterprise is, doubtless, possible as well as praiseworthy; but it would not be of the least use attempting to be a Birrell. It is recognised that only one man has the accomplishment which has been happily named "birrelling"; and he birrells alone and unchallenged. "What happened at the Reformation?" is the title of one of Mr. Birrell's essays. Among its best results is one modestly ignored by the writer; for Mr. Birrell himself is a child, not merely of Protestantism, but of Dissent. The son and the grandson of Nonconformist Ministers, Mr. Birrell has shown more than a little of the Nonconformist virtue of tenacity. He kept pegging away at politics, as he had pegged away at the Bar, and pegged away at literature. A failure in Liverpool, and another in the Widnes Division of Lancashire, did not daunt him; and the year 1889 saw him Liberal Member for West Fife, the author of two famous books of criticism, and soon to be Q.C.

A FUTURE CABINET MINISTER

DRAWN BY THOS. DOWNEY

Flitting Through the House

He has himself written of "the many brilliant lawyers who have, like birds of passage, flitted through the House of Commons, usually on their way to what they thought to be better things." Mr. Birrell is a brilliant lawyer; he has flitted through the House—about ten years was his time for the through trip; but no one supposes that it was, with him, a mere avenue to professional promotion. For Mr. Birrell is one of the men whose politics are a part of their being.

Hard Truths About the House

Not that he has any delusions about political life. He is devoted to it for what it is, not for what some enthusiasts, standing outside it, believe it to be. Few men have spoken harder truths about the House of Commons, none have expressed them more charmingly, than Mr. Birrell. He has said, while actually a Member of the House, that he "cannot call to mind a single occasion in its long and remarkable history when the House of Commons, as a whole, played a part obviously heroic or conspicuously wise." Yet he has sat therein, and will sit again, because he feels its charm, its strength, and its utility as representing, not the best and noblest that is in our country, but the country itself.

He is a charming talker, who has achieved the supreme glory, granted to very few, of not boring the House of Commons; he is a shrewd and energetic power at his Party's headquarters; and he has one of the finest and best-cultivated minds in England.

Rather Hard on Jenkins

An Angry Unemployed *(returning to the East End after a mass meeting)*: "Wot I sez is—*(thumps his palm before saying it, and continues with marked significance)*—Wot I says is—dahn with them as lives in the West—as does no work—rigged out loafers, as flaunts their fine clothes in the very face of the honest British worker. Let 'em come to live in the East"

JENKINS, A CITY CLERK, ON 30s. PER WEEK, WHO IS RETURNING TO HIS HOME IN THE EAST END, AFTER A TEN-HOUR DAY, EXHIBITS SIGNS OF MENTAL AND BODILY DISCOMFORT

SPORT in the ALPS

Photo by *Ballance*

Mr. Gwynne Evans running on the Klosters Course, Davos Course, Davos

There are probably few people in Great Britain who have not heard of the three Alpine winter resorts of Davos, St. Moritz, and Arosa; but the popular stay-at-home idea of life in these places still seems extraordinarily vague. Davos especially possesses a halo of pathos (thanks to *Ships that Pass in the Night*), which is peculiarly irritating to those who are familiar with its real character.

True, it is avowedly a consumptives' resort. Something like three thousand "lungers," as they are locally nicknamed, make a sojourn there annually. Nevertheless, the pathos is conspicuously absent. The seeker after harrowing visions of living skeletons coughing their way to the grave will be grievously ill-advised if he goes to Davos. Instead, he will behold a crowd of young, sunburnt, muscular athletes of both sexes enjoying themselves to the utmost. An endless round of skating, tobogganing, ski-ing, curling, and sleighing, fills up every hour of the day. Darkness does not always put a stop to these, for if there is a moon, they can go on as merrily as ever. If there is no moon, then concerts, theatricals, and dancing, fully occupy the evening hours indoors.

The Equality of Sex

And the fine thing about Alpine winter sport, as carried on here, is that it knows no limitations of sex. Women and men are for once on an absolute equality, There is nothing in skating or tobogganing which a girl cannot learn just as well as her brother. Neither sport necessitates the exercise of that great strength which so often debars the fair sex from taking part in a game. Skill and nerve are the sole requirements; and the records of Davos seasons for many a year past prove incontrovertibly that these are both forthcoming. Result: the Davos outings are the jolliest, most social yet most non-snobbish, and in every way the pleasantest, funniest, and prettiest functions conceivable.

The Young Lady Convert

It is amusing to observe the mental attitude of the conservative girl before and after a winter at Davos. She arrives full of old-fashioned ideas about the impropriety of all violent pursuits. Hockey and cricket she may have tried while at school, but they were abandoned when she "came out." Cycling is

Photo by *Muir*

A bird's-eye view of Davos taken from one of the neighbouring mountains

her furthest extreme. She shivers with horror when she first beholds the (admittedly ungraceful) spectacle of one of her own sex sweeping downhill at twenty miles an hour on a toboggan. Her disgust is heightened if the said toboggan be "built for two," and thus utilised. Ski-ing—the ambition of all Alpine sportswomen—she denounces in unmeasured terms.

A fortnight later, what a change! Behold this same young lady, attired in a close-fitting white sweater, a woollen cap, a short, workmanlike skirt, thick-soled boots, and bulbous-looking bearskin gloves—gaily sallying forth to take part in a bob-sleigh race. Example has taught its lesson. She has been converted.

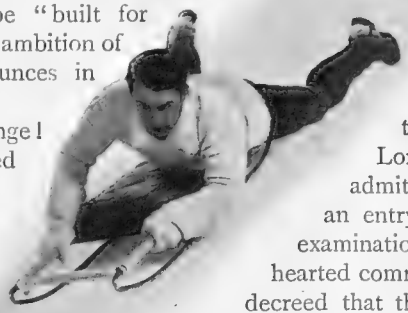


Photo by Ballance

Mr. Jameson on the ice run at Davos

Sweaters, Thick Boots, and Goggles!

It says a great deal for the common sense of the supposed slaves of fashion that they give way so soon beneath the blandishments of Davos life. Indeed, Alpine sporting customs might well be advanced to disprove the theory of the omnipotence of dress. For frills and furbelows are (out of doors) literally never seen. I do not say that at night the better half of Davos does not allow itself the luxury of a certain gorgeous daintiness of apparel. But, during the day——! The typical Davos frock is a wordless sermon on the sacrifice of appearance to common-sense and comfort. The afore-mentioned clumsy boots and sweaters are not the only crosses to be borne. Atrocious blue goggles are added on days when the sun-glare might be injurious to the eyes. The pretty girl who can deliberately make herself hideous with blue glasses deserves to be medalled. So she is, too; inasmuch as it is she who generally carries off the toboggan race prize.

In the skating world, of course, Davos is famous. The British Club (which possesses a private rink for figure-skating) is affiliated with the National Skating Association of London. Like all Davos clubs, it admits lady members. In order to gain an entry, it is necessary to pass a small examination in figure-skating; but a tender-hearted committee have (amusingly needlessly!) decreed that the ladies' test shall be easier than the gentlemen's. After entering the club, it is optional to go through a second and third series of tests, increasing in difficulty, badges being awarded to successful competitors.

Perhaps the best-known lady skater at Davos is Mrs. Syers, who has passed the first-class test of the Skating Club. Accompanied by her husband, Mr. Edgar Syers, she skated not long ago at Niagara before His Majesty the King. To see this graceful couple performing some of the hand-in-hand figures invented by themselves is one of the sights of Davos. At the annual skating meeting there (to which competitors come from all over Europe), Mrs. Syers is generally the only lady who appears at all in the arena, and her exhibition invariably calls forth a positive tumult of applause. This—from a foreign audience never over-anxious to perceive the beauty of British sport—is high testimony to the finish of her style.

The Joys of Tobogganing

Tobogganing has of late years occupied even more attention in the feminine mind at Davos than skating. At first sight, the precise nature of the fascination of this recreation is somewhat hard to explain. The

Photo by **Loading the trucks of the special toboggan train after a race** *Muir*

This special train, provided by the Toboggan Club, conveys the tobogganers between Klosters and Davos at the termination of the run

Photo by *Muir*

A party of tobogganers returning from the station after the arrival of the Toboggan Club's special

only way to understand it is to go in for it yourself. If within a week you can refrain from raving of its joys, then you are unimpressionable. The girl who can spend a winter in Davos and not come home a toboggan-maniac doesn't deserve ever to go there again. That is the worst punishment I can conceive.

The Toboggan Club is an institution with great influence. Thanks to it, a special train daily conveys enthusiasts from Davos to the top of the course—which (again thanks to the club) has been ploughed clear of snow from the last snow-storm. The club arranges all the races, organises the telephone-cum-clock system with which races are timed, and even hires out—at absurdly moderate prices—an exceedingly good selection of toboggans. Oh, it's an invaluable body, is the Davos Toboggan Club!

The Tobogganer's Early Train

Can anything be jollier than to turn out on a flawless Alpine winter morning to catch the 9.30 club train? The station is crowded with laughing, joking, chaffing people in tobogganing attire, and piles of toboggans stand ready at the edge of the platform. When the train comes in, there is a scramble for seats, and groups sort themselves out for games of whist or nap or bridge. The toboggans are loaded into an open truck at the rear of the cars. The journey lasts less than a quarter of an hour, but it is a very beautiful one to anybody who has eyes for the scenery outside the windows as well as for the lively tableaux within. The rail skirts the edge of a lake. No water, however, is to be seen. It is frozen, and even the ice is hidden deep beneath an even layer of snow. The

Photo by *Ballance*

The road races at Davos

Going round the "Elbow" corner. Klosters is seen in the valley below

lake, in fact, looks like an ivory plain, spotless, except at one point, where a gang of workmen are cutting out blocks for use in the neighbouring hotel refrigerators. All around the invisible lake, tower the solemn hills, their lower slopes feathered over with pines. High overhead the sky is a spotless blue. A morning such as this, when once experienced, can never be forgotten.

Wolfgang, the station at the top of the pass, is soon reached; and again there is a scramble as the clubbites detrain. Everybody makes pell-mell for the road, and in five minutes the last straggler has disappeared in the distance on his or her toboggan. When the club train has retraced its way, empty, to Davos, the spot is lonely once more. For a moment the grim Alps echoed with voices and laughter. These died away down the valley, and were gone. Wolfgang is a home of alternate silence and gay noise, according to the arrival and departure of the devotees of sport.

Photo by *Muir*

At the top of the Klosters toboggan run

Miss Freeman (perhaps the finest lady tobogganer in the Alps preparing to start in a race on a Swiss pattern toboggan

A Four-Mile Course

The toboggan run is, in all, some four miles long, but the actual racing course only covers the second half of the distance. The run terminates in the little village of Klosters, whence —after the morning's fun is over—the tobogganers are conveyed back by train to Davos in time for luncheon, a meal which is generally appreciated. Enthusiasts come back after lunch for another run, or take a turn at tobogganing elsewhere. Others occupy the afternoon on the skating rink. Ice games, such as bandy and curling, claim a certain number of lady adherents; and some may even be observed sampling the excitement of that peculiar amusement known as cricket on skates.

Ski-ing with Ease

Ski-ing is a new sport (as far as our nation is concerned), which is "booming" nowadays at Davos. The fact that it is pronounced *she-ing* has already produced a crop of riddles and "limericks," varying in excellence, but all turning on some such point as the circumstances that a certain damsel "skis with hease." They do all ski with ease, too, after a few weeks' practice. But at first the antics of a tyro on skis are truly dreadful.

Mrs. Syers

The best-known lady skater at Davos

The skis are long strips of thin wood, curved up in front, which are fixed by straps to the feet. They enable the owner of the said feet to travel more or less swiftly — very swiftly if down a gradient — across snow which would not bear a person's weight under ordinary circumstances. A ski, indeed, is a compromise between a toboggan and a skate, and can be used on places where these implements of passage would not be in the least serviceable.

A Difficult Accomplishment

Ski-ing sounds easy. It even looks easy, if the ski-er is an old hand (or should one say old foot?). But it is not. This might be supposed to deter Davos sportswomen. But it has no such effect. The mere fact that a thing is difficult seems sufficient to fire their ambition to try it. Wherefore, nowadays, when the snow has hardened to the right consistency, ski-ing is as much a woman's hobby as a man's; perhaps more so. Last year, for the first time, ladies' ski-ing races were organised. As far as the attendance of spectators went, they were the crowning event of the winter. They demonstrated one thing at least, viz, that ski-ing has come to stay. Enthusiasts even prophesy that it will oust skating and tobogganing. But no, we can never believe that. There is room for all three at Davos.

Photo by *Muir*

The start of a ladies' Ski-ing race at Davos

WARD MUIR.

Young Moore's Almanack, 1905

(With acknowledgments to Old Mr. Moore)

January The Young Prophet wishes to mention that these Predictions are only to be regarded as supplementary to those of Old Moore. Advancing years have made the old gentleman so preternaturally cautious that really it is difficult to get a shiver out of him. To plunge at once in *medias res*:—The Young Prophet prognosticates that the very beginning of the year will see an urgent demand for the further restriction of Motoring Traffic. The cause of this will be the death—under the wheels of one of these Molochs of the Road—of a King Charles Spaniel, belonging to a Ducal House. The Fall of Port Arthur will be confirmed several times—before it is contradicted—and a new kind of feverish cold, which will baffle the Doctors, will be prevalent in the Best Society.

February The picture of a Canary riding a Sea-Lion, surrounded with Floating Skulls (which the Young Prophet would have inserted here, if he had had a nice artist to draw it for him) will dismay the stoutest heart. It signifies, without doubt, that the dispute between the Free and the Wee Churches has reached a climax, from which there will be no drawing back. The Golfer (driving in the background) represents the Prime Minister, playing his favourite game in a heedless fashion; while Germany (shown by the clouds overhead) menaces us with War! The appearance of the Life Guards in a new cap, invented by Mr. Arnold-Forster, will, however, in some way, save us from this peril. There will be a Revolution in Panama—and in the Mineral Water Trade. Many of our gallant Life-boat Crews will put out to sea on the 30th inst., and return safely, in spite of the latest news in our evening papers.

March During the high winds with which this month opens, we observe many old gentlemen writing to the *Times* to advocate the use of Closed Dust-carts. An outbreak of Beri-beri in the heart of London will, however, enable the Borough Councils to turn a deaf ear to their requests. We notice Admiral Togo standing under a cherry tree in full blossom, with Geishas dancing about him, which seems to indicate that the Baltic Fleet has been annihilated. The literary world will be shocked by the news of the murderous attack made by a Dramatic Critic upon Mr. Hall Caine, who will embody the incident in a new novel to be called, so the Prophet thinks—"The Good Samaritan." The whole of the passenger service of Great Britain will be suspended while this novel is being delivered to the Booksellers.

April For April the Prophet would have produced (if he had been an artist) a mysterious and not very pleasant picture. Note the slim figure—wearing an eye-glass—upon the platform. He appears to be speaking—to whom? The vast audience—bucolic and gaitered—is fast asleep. Can this be a gathering of Agricultural Labourers brought over in Motor-cars to listen to Mr. Chamberlain's views on Tariff Reform? A veil comes over the Prophet's vision. He, too, slumbers.

May Two doves are asleep on a mistletoe-bough, and the Young Prophet judges that this marks an arbitration treaty between two African Powers. The hand which is shaking a dagger at them through a curtain—on the left—may be disregarded; and, take it all round, May can be looked forward to without agitation, though there will be one or two queer diseases in the Midlands.

June Everything points to an enormous and critical increase of Passive Resisters during this month. The Prophet foresees Riots, and the Sale of many Silver Trowels. But let us look at our picture. This high prison wall with a loop-hole—at which a fine head is visible—can it be the fortress in which Cœur de Lion was bound? And that slim youth, with a song on his lips and a rope-ladder in his hand—whom even now the Captive sees and waves to—can that be Blondin? Nay, the face at the loop-hole resembles that of Dr. Clifford. The slim youth seems to the Prophet not unlike the Rev. R. J. Campbell. The Prophet reads that the Doctor, having been sentenced to Pentonville for non-payment of rates, is romantically rescued by his boyish colleague. The Stock Exchange will continue cheerful

July The angry crowd, dripping with water and clustered round the terrified figure of a Mayor, signifies the re-awakening of the Question of Mixed Bathing at one of our leading watering-places. (The Prophet thinks Margate.) Gooseberries will be very cheap this month, and a Famous Violinist will be received into the Church of Rome.

August A Masqued and Goggled Figure struggling bravely amid the breakers! We take this to indicate that a daring and possibly successful effort will be made to swim the Channel. It is true that the sea looks rather high, but that is the fault of our artist. The Young Prophet observes traces of the Sea-Serpent in our ha'penny journals about this

period, but holiday tourists need not be deterred from their annual excursions, as the Channel Fleet will be fully fitted to deal with the Scaly Horror. Prawns will be plentiful during the last week, and the consumption of them may lead to the discovery of a long-sought Bacillus.

September President Roosevelt will make a strenuous speech, calculated to alarm the Copper Trust, and shares will go down. A giant vegetable marrow will be shown at a small village in the North of England. Mr. Chaplin will become a Free-trader about this date, for private reasons, which will, however, convulse his Party.

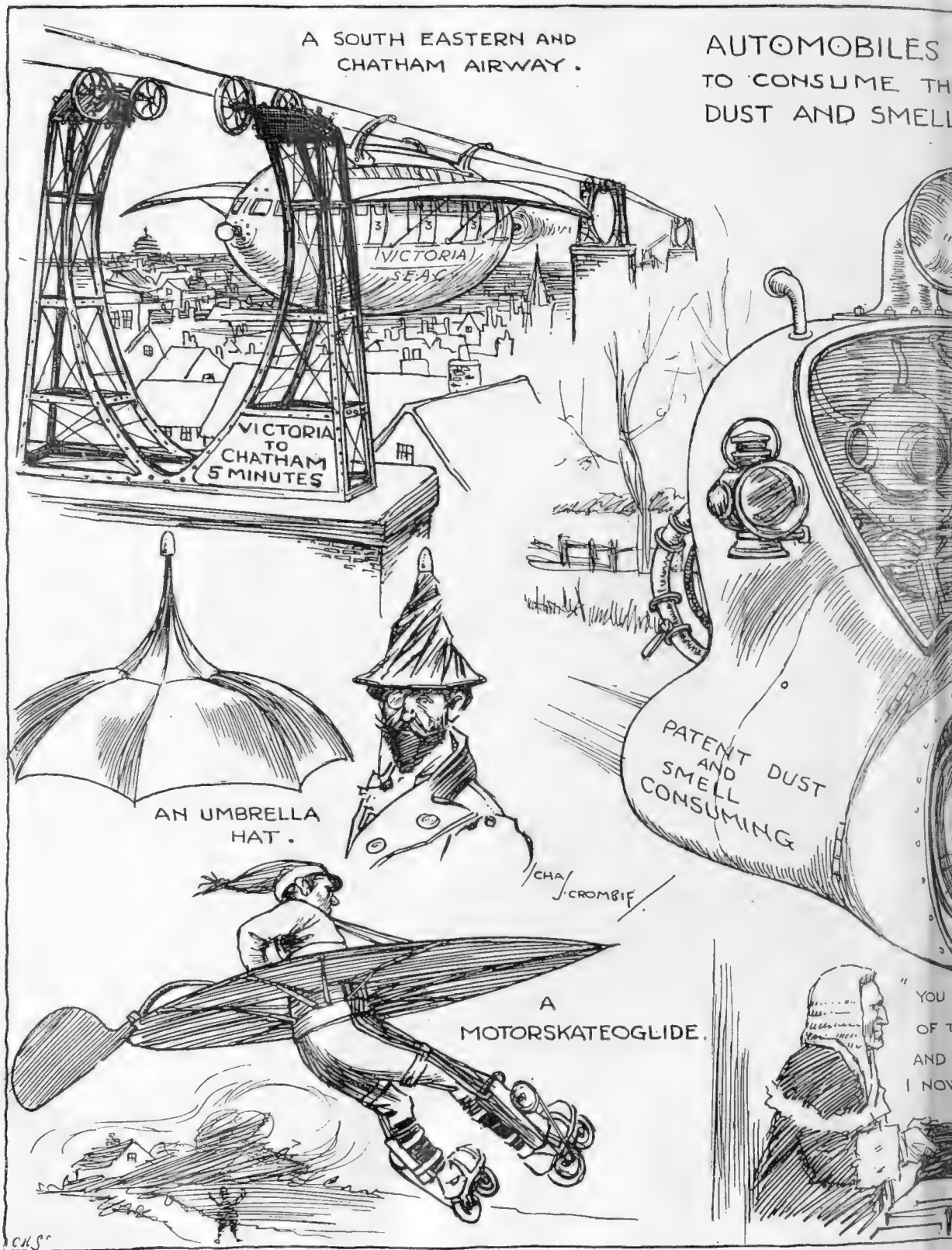
October A notorious duel will take place between two well-known French journalists at the beginning of this month, but the Prophet does not think either will be killed. There will be heavy showers in Lincolnshire.

November This will be a Black Month indeed. The picture represents a Guy Fawkes figure creeping among the well-stocked cellars of the Carlton. In the room overhead a number of gentlemen are dining together. Foremost among them the Prophet discerns Mr. Chamberlain. Can it be that some Free-fooder intends by foul means to blow up the Tariff Reform Committee? If so, the Prophet can only trust that he will fail, and meet with the opprobrium that he deserves. The Carlton is too good a hotel to be thus dynamited.

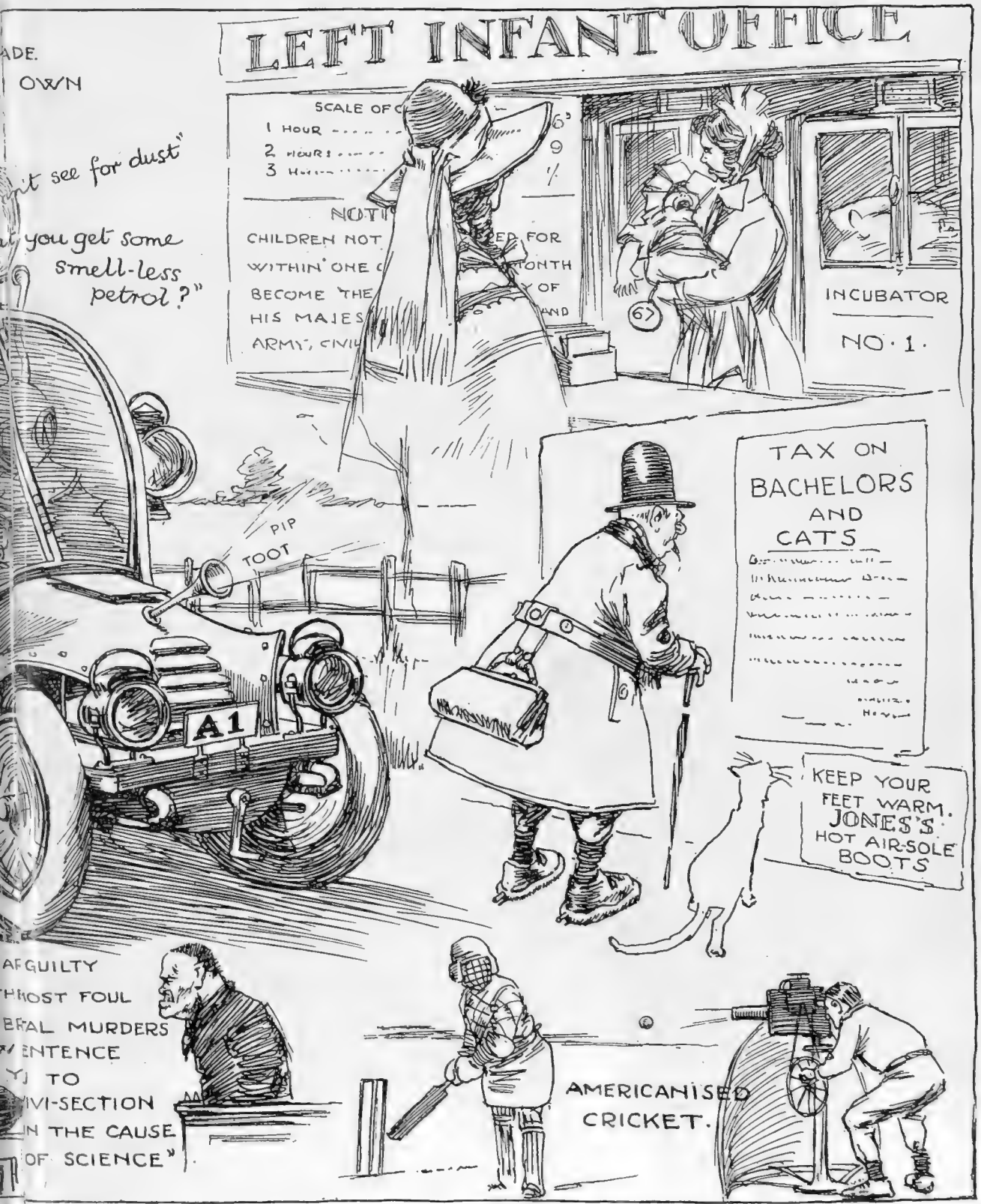
December Christmas Day will be celebrated on the 25th of this month. The Prophet sees many children suffering from the effects of mince-pies. There will not, however, be an European complication.

OFF FOR A (KN)OUTING

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN RUSSIA



"THE BYSTANDER'S"



TICIPATIONS FOR 1905

The KHAN and his SON.

by MAXIM GORKY.

Translated from the Russian by J. K. M. SHIRAZI

". . . There lived in Crimea, Khan Mosolaima al-Asvab, and he had a son, whose name was Tollaik Alhalla." In this manner the Tartar beggar began one of the ancient legends of the Peninsula, which is rich in such memories, while surrounding him, on the stone remains of the ruin, listening to the tale of the Khan, sat a group of Tartars in coloured gowns and brocaded coats. It was towards the evening, and the sun was quietly sinking into the sea. Its reddish rays pierced the dark mass of the vegetation surrounding the ruins, and left light spots on the stone, which was covered by the moss. The wind blew through the old plane trees, and their leaves rustled as if there were little streams of water in the air invisible to the eye. The voice of the blind beggar was weak and trembling, and his stony face did not express anything in its wrinkles, except repose. His words came out slowly one after the other, and painted to the eyes of those present the picture of the past, rich with feeling. "The Khan was old," said the blind beggar, "but he had many wives in his harem, and they loved the old man because there was still power and fire in him; and his flatteries were grateful to them. Women will always love those who are able to flatter them much, even if such are old men and their faces are wrinkled, because beauty, according to them, is in power, and not in a delicate skin or rosy cheeks. Everyone loved the Khan—everyone, and he loved a Cossack girl from the steppes of Dnieper, and always caressed her more than the other women of the harem—of his large harem, in which there were about two hundred women from all parts of the earth, all of them beautiful, like the flowers of the Spring, and where all lived very comfortably. Many tasty and sweet dishes the Khan ordered to be prepared for them, and he permitted them to dance or to sing as much as they liked. . . . . But this particular Cossack girl he very often called to him in the Tower, from which the sea was visible, and where he had all things ready for her—everything that is necessary for a woman's happiness, sweet and delicate dishes, varieties of clothes, gold, stones of various colours, music, rare birds from far-away places, and, moreover, the fiery caresses of his loving heart. In this tower he passed many days with her, resting from the work of his life, and knowing that his son, Alhalla, would not lose the glory of the Khanate. He ran like a wolf about the Russian steppes, always returning from thence with very rich booty—with new wives and fresh glory, and leaving behind him terror and ashes, dead bodies and blood. On returning from an expedition against the Russians, there was a great festival held in his honour. All the singers of the Peninsula gathered together for him, and there were many feasts and banquets, and they shot with arrows at the eyes of their prisoners in order to try the skill of their hand, and drank, glorifying Alhalla, threatening their enemies and praising their Khanate, and the old Khan was happy in this glorifying of his son. It was very good for the Khan to see in his son such a courageous spirit, and to know when he — the old man — died, the Khanate would remain in powerful hands. . . . It was very good for him to know this, and, in order to show the strength of his love to his son, in the presence of all the singers and the chief men who were at the

(All rights reserved. Copyright by the Author in U.S.A.)

feast, he took the bowl in his hand, and said, 'You, my good son Alhalla, praise be to Allah and praise to His Prophet' (and everyone of them praised the name of the Prophet in a chorus of powerful voices). Then Khan continued, 'Allah is great! During my life He has revived my youth in my daring and courageous son, and I see, when the sun is hidden from my eyes and the worms eat my heart, I shall still be alive in him! Allah is great, and also Mohammed, His Prophet. I have a good son, and his arm is strong, his heart is daring, and his brain is clear. . . . What do you wish as a gift from the hand of your father, Alhalla? Tell me, and I shall give you all things according to your desire. . . .'

"The old Khan's words were barely done, when tall Alhalla got up, and, turning his dark eyes—which were like the sea at night time, and like the eyes of the mountain eagle—to his father, said: 'Give me the Cossack girl, my powerful father.'

"The Khan became quiet, as long as it was necessary to hide the trembling of his heart; then, gently but strongly, he said, 'Take her! Let us finish the feast, and you shall have her.'

"Alhalla enjoyed the greatest happiness, and, rolling his eagle-like eyes, he rose, saying to his father, the Khan, "'I know what you give me, oh, powerful father! I know this. . . . I am your slave, your son. Take my blood by one drop in each hour, for I can die twenty deaths for your sake.'

"'I want nothing!' said the Khan, letting fall on his breast his grey head, which was crowned with the glory of many long years and great deeds.

"The feast was finished, and both silently, side by side, went from the courtyard into the harem. The night was dark; no stars or moon were visible, for the clouds covered the sky with a thick carpet of mist. They went—father and son, in the dark.

"Then spoke Khan al-Asvab: 'The end of my life is come. Slowly my heart beats, and there is no fire left in my breast. The light and the warmth of my life were in the caresses of the Cossack girl. . . . Tell me, Tollaik, tell me, you don't mean to say she is of such importance to you? Take a hundred, take all my wives, only leave me her! . . .'

"Tollaik Alhalla was silent, and the Khan continued: 'How many happy days are left to me? I have few days on this earth. The only happiness of my life is she—this Russian girl. She knows me, she loves me. Who will love me when she is no longer with me—me, the old man? Who? Not one of them, Alhalla!' . . . Alhalla still was silent. . . . 'How can I live when I know that you are embracing her, and that she is kissing you. For women there is no father, no son, Tollaik! For a woman we all are only men, my son. . . . It will be hard for me to live my last days. . . . I wish that all my old wounds were opened, Tollaik, and had poured out my blood. I wish that I were not alive to-night, my son!'

"His son kept quiet. . . . They stopped at the gates of the harem, and with bowed heads they stood there for a long time. All was dark around them, and the clouds were swimming in the sky, and the wind that blew through the trees seemed as if it were singing.

"'I have loved her for a long time, father,' quietly said Alhalla.

"'I know. . . . I know also that she does not love you.' said the Khan. 'My heart aches when I think of her, and can you tell me what will be food for my old heart?' And again they became silent.

"Alhalla sighed again, 'It seems to me that the wise Mullah told me rightly that a woman is always a danger to a man. When she is very good she creates in others the desire to possess her, and this subjects her husband to the sufferings of jealousy. When she is bad, her husband, in envying others, suffers from hatred; but if she is neither good nor bad, the husband tries to make her beautiful, and when he knows that he is mistaken, again he suffers through the woman. . . .'

"'Wisdom is not a remedy for heartache,' said the Khan.

"'Let us pity each other, father. . . .' The Khan raised his head, and sadly looked upon his son.

"'Let us kill her, . . .' said Tollaik.

"'You love yourself more than you love her or me,' said the Khan meditatively, in a low voice.

"'And you do the same.' And they both became silent once more.

"'Yes, I do the same,' sadly said the Khan. The sorrow had turned him into a child. 'What then? Shall we kill her? I cannot give her to you. I cannot,' said the Khan.

"'And I cannot wait any longer; either take the heart out of my breast or give her to me.' . . . The Khan was silent.

"'Shall we throw her into the sea from the cliff?' said Tollaik.

"'Throw her into the sea from the cliff!' And the Khan repeated the words of his son, as if he were merely an echo of his son's voice. And then they went into the harem, where she was sleeping on the floor, on the magnificent carpet. They stopped in front of her and looked. They gazed upon her for a long time. The old Khan's tears fell from his eyes on his silver-grey beard, and they shone amidst it like pearls, while his son stood gnashing his teeth, controlling his pain; he woke the Cossack girl. She woke up, and her face was delicate and rosy like the dawn. She opened her eyes like meadow-rue, but did not notice Alhalla, and she pouted out her rosy lips to the Khan, saying, 'Kiss me, old eagle!'

"'Get up. You must come with us,' said the Khan, softly. Then she saw Alhalla, and noticed the tears in her old eagle's eyes, and, as she was intelligent, she understood all.

"'I am coming,' she said, 'but not for the one nor the other. Did you decide so? Thus, O! those who have strong hearts, I am coming!' And silently the trio walked to the sea.

"They went by narrow paths, and the wind blew sadly. . . . She was a delicate girl, this girl. She became tired very soon, but, because she was very proud, she would not tell them so. When the son of the Khan noticed that she lagged behind them, he said to her, 'Are you afraid?' She threatened him with her eyes, and showed him her feet covered with blood.

"'Let me carry you,' said Alhalla, putting his arms towards her.

"But she embraced her old eagle's neck. He took her in his arms, like a feather, and carried her, and she, in his arms, leaning on his shoulder, parted the branches, so that none of them should touch his face. They went on for a long time, till they heard the roaring of the sea. Here Tollaik, who was following behind them, said to his father:

"'Let me go in front of you, or else I will strike you with my dagger.'

"'Go on! Allah may punish you or pardon you for your desire—that is His will; but I am your father, and forgive, because I know what it means to love.'

"Beneath them lay the dark sea, and its waves softly sang, as they struck regularly on the rocks. 'Here it is so cold, so dark, and so terrible.'

"'Good-bye,' said the Khan, kissing the maiden.

"'Good-bye,' said Alhalla, bowing to her.

"She looked down where the waves were singing their deadly march, and stepped back, pressing her heaving breast with her hands.

"'Throw me down,' she said to them. . . .'

"Alhalla stretched out his hands towards her, but became as one frozen or thunderstricken; but the Khan took her in his arms, clasped her to his breast, and then raising her over his head, threw her into the sea.

"Down below them the waves roared in such a manner that they did not hear the sound of her fall into the water, nor even a cry or shout. The Khan sat on the rocks and gazed into the sea, and further into the horizon where the clouds mixed with the water, and from whence the roaring of the waves was heard, and the wind blew, uncurling the grey beard of the Khan. . . .

"Tollaik stood by him, covering his face with his hands like a statue of stone. The time passed, and the clouds in the sky were chased by the wind. They were heavy and dark, like the thoughts of the old Khan, who was sitting on the rocks leaning forward to the sea.

"'Let us go, father,' said Tollaik.

"'Wait' . . . whispered the Khan, as if listening to something. Again the time passed, the roar of the waves again sounded, and again the wind blew through the leaves of the trees.

"'Let us go, father. . . .'

"'Wait a little. . . .'

"It was only once that Tollaik spoke.

"'LET us go, father.'

"The Khan did not leave the spot where he had lost the happiness of the last moments of his life. 'Everything has an end!' He got up proudly, and sadly, and quietly said:

"'LET us go. . . .'

"They were going, when suddenly the Khan stopped.

"'But why do I go, and where, Tollaik?' he asked his son. 'Why should I live any longer when all my life was only in her? I am old, and no one will love me any more, and when no one loves you, it is not reasonable to live in this world.'

"'You have glory and wealth, father. . . .'

"'Give me one more of her kisses, and take all that as a reward. These are all dead things, and only the love of a woman is living. There is no such love—then there is no life, and the days are miserable. Good-bye, my son, may Allah bless you and watch you during all the days and nights of your life,' saying this, the Khan turned his face towards the sea.

"'Father,' said Tollaik—'Father!' . . . and he could not say any more.

"Yes, it is impossible to say anything to anyone on whom Death smiles, it is impossible to say to him anything that would create in him the desire for life.

"'Let me go! . . .'

"'Allah! . . .'

"'He knows. . . .'

"Quickly the Khan stepped forward, and threw himself down below. His son did not stop him, and he could not. Again nothing was heard from the sea, nor sound, nor cry. Only the waves played with each other down below, and the wind sang wild songs. . . .

"Long, long, Tollaik looked below, and then said loudly, 'Oh, Allah, give to me also such a heart!' And then he disappeared into the darkness of the night. . . .

". . . . Thus perished Khan-Mosolaima al-Asvab in Crimea, and so his son, Tollaik Alhalla, succeeded him. . . ."

MAXIM GORKY.

The Dancing Doll at Wyndham's

The Dancing Doll at Wyndham's
  Was the topic of the day,
'Twas discussed in sober earnest,
  Though 'twas only meant in Play.

Some held that its gyrations
  Were symbolic and occult,
That Pinero 'd been to Ibsen,
  And that this was the result.

Others said that its construction
  Was as broad as it was long,
So they interviewed the Censor,
  But he swore that they were wrong.

The fact is that its antics
  Were ingeniously designed
Just to see which were the Critics
  Who possessed an evil mind.

Now its Dancing Days are over—
  As a "topic" it is dead,
And the simple-minded Censor's
  Reading up a course of Stead.

"The Khan took her in his arms, clasped her to his breast, and then, raising her over his head, threw her into the sea"

UP FOR CHRISTMAS

Obviously Rustic Gentleman (with assurance): "I want two o' these 'ere flute 'oles for to-night"

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Hints on Bridge: By Means of Illustrative Hands." By H. A. Roome. Printed in two colours. (Routledge: 1*s.*)

"Memories." By Miss Constance Gordon-Cumming, author of "Wanderings in China," etc. Illustrated. (Blackwood: 20*s.* net.)

"England and the English." Personal Impressions by Dr. Carl Peters. (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.* net.)

"The Hardy Country." By C. G. Harper. (A. and C. Black: 6*s.*)

"The Canterbury Pilgrimages." By H. Snowden Ward. (A. and C. Black: 6*s.*)

NEW NOVELS

"The Mandarin's Fan." By Fergus Hume. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)

"Favours from France." By Sarah Tytler. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)

"For Satan's Sake." By Elliott O'Donnell. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"Curiosities." By Barry Pain. Short Stories. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

The Latest Books

The Hardy Country
By C. G. Harper
The Canterbury Pilgrimages
By H. S. Ward
(A. and C. Black: 6s. each)

The study of what has come to be called "literary geography" is a fascinating one, and it is somewhat remarkable that the greatest writers of fiction almost all lend themselves to it. Lesser authors frequently lay their scenes in places that exist only in their own imaginations, but the giants of fiction almost invariably anchor themselves to actual places. Dickens is the most realistic of them all. Not only his towns and villages are given their own proper names, but it is possible to identify the very houses in which his characters lived, even if they are only houses in a street of which there are many alike. Dickens took the whole of England for his field. Thomas Hardy has confined himself chiefly to Dorsetshire, with excursions into the neighbouring counties, but it is possible to include all his place names in quite a small map. He has renamed all his towns and villages, but, having done so, he sticks very closely to truth, and there is no difficulty in any of his books in identifying the places of which he writes. Mr. Harper has gone carefully over the whole field, described each city, town, and village, each church, and hall, and cottage, and recalled the allusions to them in the novels. It is most admirably done. A pilgrim to the Hardy country could hardly do without this book. It would be a substitute for a whole set of the novels. And the many illustrations, both from photographs and from Mr. Harper's own charming drawings, add greatly to its interest. It is seldom one comes across so complete and satisfactory a work.

Mr. H. Snowden Ward has taken the old Pilgrim's Way from Winchester to Canterbury, with its memories of Chaucer and the old church life of England, long since dead, as his subject. It is an attractive one, and loses nothing of its interest in this author's hands. Mr. Ward has written more than a merely pleasant description of the old Pilgrim's Way, and the towns and villages through which it passed. He has gone to the heart of the movement which made the old pilgrimages possible, and the result is a piece of history of absorbing interest.

For Satan's Sake
By Elliott O'Donnell
(Greening and Co., Ltd.: 6s.)

Mr. O'Donnell is by no means lacking in imagination. He takes his readers straight to the innermost recesses of Hell, and it is a hell which owes little to accepted tradition. He represents Satan as producing an emotion of passionate adoration from the souls in his keeping, and as giving them all work to do in the world to bring other souls under his dominion. Then follow six separate stories of crimson melodrama, in which the wicked spirit, the soul of a suicide, struggles with the good spirit of a woman for human souls, and is finally redeemed from perdition. While there is considerable ability, and, as we have said, imagination, displayed in the working out of the author's ideas, one cannot feel that he is doing more than play with the great problems of good and evil, for it is, to say the least of it, extremely unlikely that affairs are arranged for us in the unseen world in the peculiar way he has described. In some respects, however, the book is remarkable, and Mr. O'Donnell certainly has the gift of telling an exciting story.

Curiosities
By Barry Pain
(T. Fisher Unwin: 1s.)

Mr. Barry Pain is, perhaps, the most prolific writer of short stories and sketches of his day, and, unlike other prolific writers, he seldom produces one that is

not worth reading. When he sets out to be funny he is funny, when he wants to thrill you with surprise and horror he does so, and when he writes a story which depends for its effect upon a neat point, there is no possible doubt about the sharpness of that point. The twenty-six stories which make up this little collection provide a good deal more entertainment, sometimes of rather a gruesome sort, than the majority of six-shilling novels published to-day; and when you have read them all through you can read most of them again with increased pleasure. It is to be wished that there were more Barry Pains amongst the mass of authors struggling for the appreciation of the public; but as there is only one it would be as well to buy all his works as they come out. *Curiosities*, at any rate, is cheap enough.

The Foolish Dictionary
By Gideon Wurdz
(Dean and Son, Ltd.: 3s. 6d. net)

The Foolish Dictionary is a piece of American humour that will reward its readers with a good many smiles, and, possibly, some sighs of boredom, for it is not invariably funny. The following definition is curious, as coming from the most highly protected country in the world:

Protection.—Originally, the swaddling clothes of the infant, Industry; now, merely the shoe-lacings of the giant, Monopoly.

This is the kind of thing that is to be found in these pages:

Corset.—From Fr. *corps*, shape, and *sec*, rough. Rough on the shape.

Tom Brown's Schooldays
With Illustrations by E. J. Sullivan
(Macmillan and Co., Ltd.: 2s. net)

Was there ever a better book of schoolboy life than *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, or one anything like as good? One takes up this attractive new edition and finds a difficulty in putting it down again. It is old-fashioned, and many of the abuses at which the author tilts have disappeared long since. But its charm never seems to lessen, and in everything of importance it is as fresh as on the day it was first published. Mr. Sullivan's numerous illustrations are attractive, but the boys are rather too much of one type—it would never be possible to pick out any of the best-known characters in any picture without looking at the legend underneath. The old-fashioned dress is well indicated, but the master's gowns are all wrong. How is it that book illustrators, almost to a man, fail in little details of this sort?

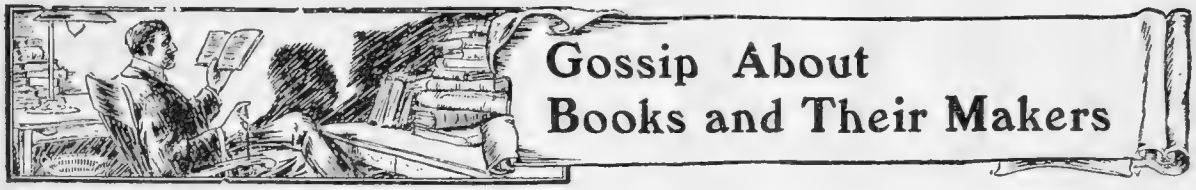
Books to Appear Shortly

One of the first books to come from Messrs. Macmillan after the holidays will be an illustrated life of Thomas Nast, the "Father of the American Cartoon," and the man from whom Mr. Roosevelt learned his politics—as the President himself once acknowledged. "Tommy Nast" had quite an international fame at one time, and his cartoons probably did more than anything to break up the notorious Tweed Ring in New York. Like Mr. Roosevelt, he was always in the forefront of the fight for political betterment in the United States, and it was one of life's ironies that his President and Colonel Hay, Secretary of State—another old friend—should have been the men who sent him to his death on the fever-stricken coast of Ecuador. Nast had retired from *Harper's Weekly* in 1886, and had applied for some consular appointment, and the post at Guayaquil, on the Pacific coast, was the first vacancy that they could offer him. He couldn't refuse, for he wanted an appointment badly, but it was the last place in the world to send him to. "What are you going to that God-forsaken place for?" asked one of his friends. "I'll tell you," laughed Nast, cheerful in spite of the gloomy outlook, "I'm going there to find out how to pronounce its name." His last caricature was a sketch of his arrival on the Equator, with "Yellow Jack" greeting him in the shape of a Death's head. That was in July, 1902, and sure enough yellow fever carried him off before the end of the year. His life has been written by Mr. A. Bigelow Paine, and is illustrated with some hundreds of his cartoons, which throw an essential side-light upon the public life of the United States during the second half of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Alexander Japp's book on *R. L. S.*, which Mr. T. Werner Laurie is to publish early in January, is described as "a record, an estimate, and a memorial." Dr. Japp came to know Stevenson in 1881, and stayed with the novelist and his family while "Treasure Island" was being written. He relates how the family each day after dinner, in their little drawing-room, listened to a chapter of the story and criticised it. When Dr. Japp came away, he bore with him more than half of the story in manuscript, with an outline of the rest of the plot, and arranged for its appearance in *Young Folks*. This led to intimate correspondence, and Dr. Japp is able to give a number of hitherto unpublished letters of Stevenson. The author then gives a sketch of the novelist's career, and adds an analysis of his genius and methods of work. A good deal is said about the gloom of Stevenson, and the influences that tended to intensify it, together with facts connected with inheritances from both sides.

Mr. Louis Becke has two new novels coming out with Mr. Fisher Unwin during the spring, in one of which he gives a picture of Australian life and adventure in the "sixties," and in the other a further study of life among the South Sea Islands—both, of course, derived from personal knowledge and experience. The first to appear will be *Tom Gerrard*, the scene of which is in the torrid regions of North Queensland—a part of the Empire that has not been overwritten—with a bachelor cattle squatter as one of the principal characters. In the other book, *The Adventures of a Supercargo*, we have a further crop of adventures from Mr. Becke's inexhaustible store of South Sea reminiscences, and meet our old friend, Tom Denison, again. Mr. Becke, as most of his readers are aware, was himself a trader and supercargo throughout the South Sea Islands for close upon a quarter of a century.

Messrs. Routledge and Sons have taken over *The Literary Year Book*—a book which is not half so well known among the writing and reading public as it deserves to be—and the 1905 issue, which will be ready on January 15, will contain many new and useful features. One notable addition will be a *catalogue raisonné* of the books of 1904, arranged under subject-headings, with brief characterisations of the books from the point of view of a librarian or an indexer, not from that of a critic. There are new articles, too, on "Copyright," by a lawyer familiar with the legal bearings of this intricate subject, and "Agreements," by a writer who combines the functions of both author and publisher, and who attempts not only to hold the balance fairly between the two, but to deal impartially with the thorny question of the literary agent. The old features which have been found indispensable in the Year Book have, of course, been retained—and, wherever possible, improved.



"Literary Geography"

Readers of these notes will have gathered ere this that the writer has a great liking for that pleasant pursuit which this title somewhat mustily describes. But I suspect that most bookmen are like myself in their fondness for the "localisers," whom the great Tennyson esteemed so lowly, and the small Andrew Lang, himself no better than most of them, dismisses as "unessential, and often hazardous." Those who choose to write about scenes rendered famous by authors of universal reputation — provided they are, at least, modestly skilful in the craft of letters—can do much that is certain to give pleasure to many readers, and something to foster the literary taste of the public. In certain quarters, of late, the "localisers" have been, perhaps, too busy. One is dismayed at the number of books written about Mr. Hardy's "Wessex," for these works of a personal and topographical kind concerned with Mr. Hardy's fiction almost outnumber his own novels. Mr. William Sharp has, therefore, been well advised in omitting from his important new work, "Literary Geography," a chapter which would else have been considered imperative, and his references to Mr. Hardy's novels are merely of a casual nature. No book that I have read this year has afforded me more genuine pleasure, although I have myself visited most of the places of which Mr. Sharp treats, and have written about them to boot—never, I fear, with anything approaching his charm of style. "The Country of George Meredith" has, naturally, pride of place in Mr. Sharp's book, the scenes of Stevenson's writings being next dealt with, "Dickens-Land" and "Scott-Land" (dangerously suggestive of a pun), and the different localities of which George Eliot, Thackeray, and the Brontës wrote, being dealt with in this sequence. No one will grumble at Mr. Sharp for having devoted a chapter to a single novel, the only fiction of its author, for "Aylwin" is, of all the romances of the nineteenth century, the richest in its descriptions of nature; yet the picture from that lovely story most frequently before my mind's eye is not one of the many beautiful scenes in Wales or East Anglia, which Mr. Sharp recalls, but of the corner of Essex Street, Strand, where poor Winifred stood "a-holdin' out her matches and a-sayin' texes out o' the Bible." Carlyle's country, the English Lakes, the Thames, and the Lake of Geneva, all rich in literary interest, are the other subjects of which he writes in a book that is sumptuously produced, and which every bookman will add to his library, even if he has to displace two others to make room for its bulky presence.

Mr. William Sharp

The celebrated *litterateur* and traveller, whose latest book, "Literary Geography," has just been published

A Literary Wanderer

Often have I envied the lot of Mr. William Sharp, who has been, for many years, a veritable literary vagabond, wandering the world, with no settled address, no suburban train to catch, yet able to stay for months at such places as his fancy favours. A Highlander by birth, and married twenty years ago to a lady of Celtic extraction, who has shared most of his wanderings, and has at times collaborated with him in his literary work, he had been to Australia and the island countries of the Pacific before he took up literary work in London, and became one of Rossetti's circle four-and-twenty year ago. To the general public he is, perhaps, best known as the editor of the "Canterbury Poets"; but the tale of his work in critical biography, romance, poetry, and *belles lettres* is remarkable, when we remember how constantly he has been "on the move" since the early years of his married life, the precarious health of his wife having, I believe, in the first instance necessitated that frequent change of scene which has now made him a confirmed roamer. "I have gradually got into the way of writing, no matter where I am," he says. "Give me a room and a table, and I am quite content. To travel and to work at the same time requires, I daresay, more concentration than work under normal conditions; but one gets used to it, as to many things in this life." Now, perhaps, when he is almost within hail of the fifties, he may long to stay at home, but the roving fever is still strong upon him—he is abroad at present

—and doubtless he has many years of roaming before he strikes camp and comes home to a permanent address among settled folk.

Deacon Brodie

It is curious to notice how characters of fiction become more vivid in the public mind than the originals that inspired them, though the latter, in their lives, may have been quite as extraordinary as the creatures of fiction which have been drawn from them. Thus, a few days ago, the papers were full of the amazing exploits of a London carpenter, who, in the daytime, had been an industrious, sober, respectable tradesman, the friend of policemen and law-abiding citizens, and, by night, an ingenious burglar. He was credited with having achieved an average of four robberies per night for a period of two months, his remarkable career as a cracksman extending over four years. Now, nearly all the reports of this strange case which I saw in the Press had some such heading as "The New Jekyll-Hyde," and the *Chronicle* was most especially wrong with a further heading, "Fact beats Fiction." I need scarcely remind my readers that, although Stevenson's weird story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was largely inspired by a dream, it had its remoter origin in the double life of a very real character in the history of Edinburgh; the notorious Deacon Brodie. Brodie, oddly enough, was also a carpenter, being, indeed, the convener of his trade guild, and a man of pious pretensions, who for many years moved by day and evening in the most respectable circles of Edinburgh society, and in the stilly watches of the night committed numerous burglaries, sometimes returning to houses where he had spent the evening as a guest, and removing their valuables! Stevenson was greatly interested in the career of this worthy, which, in collaboration with Henley, he made the subject of a play. So, you see, it is nonsense to talk of this recent Clerkenwell case as fact that "beats fiction," with Deacon Brodie for a prototype of William Parker, carpenter and cracksman.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mr. Morley Roberts

The well-known novelist and traveller who is forty-seven to-morrow

Mr. Morley Roberts

Mention of Stevenson reminds me that there is an interesting little addition to the ever-growing mass of Stevensoniana in Mr. Morley Roberts's recently published collection of travel-sketches, "A Tramp's Notebook," for he describes therein a visit to "Tusitala" shortly before the latter's death. Mr. Roberts, who will celebrate his forty-seventh birthday to-morrow (Thursday), is just the man to keep Mr. Sharp company in our portrait gallery this week, as he, too, is a literary vagabond; but of a very different kind. In fact, he is, in the book just mentioned, so whole-hearted an exponent of the "strenuous life," that he may resent the adjective "literary" as applied to him. He is ever singing the praises of those who, like himself, have knocked about the world from China to Peru, starving now in Chicago, again flush in London, and anon grubbing for food in the Australian bush. It baffles me to understand how one, with so great a contempt for the mere literary life, can have contrived to see so much of the world as he has seen, and yet in seventeen years to have produced no less than thirty-seven books; for such is his record. It was in 1887 that his first book, "The Western Avernus," appeared: a vivid and powerful description of his own three years of rough life in Western America, a new edition of which, I notice, has just been issued. For all his disdain of the craft of letters, he is no mean artificer, and of his many novels, my own favourite is "The Earth Mother," which he wrote eight years ago. In his person, Mr. Roberts has the look of one who has seen many and strange adventures in far lands; certainly, an interesting personality.

Byron in Romance

Mr. Frankfort Moore is writing a new romance founded on the love story of Lord Byron, for which he has chosen the happy title, "Love alone is Lord." Of our popular novelists, there is, perhaps, none but himself who could give us a satisfactory fiction on such a theme, and if he should prove as happy with it as he was in "The Jessamy Bride," that beautiful romance of Goldsmith's life, we shall have reason to be grateful to Mr. Moore. He is not the first, however, to take Byron for the hero of a novel, as "The Castaway," by Miss Erminie Rives, an American writer, has been one of the successful novels in America this season, and it is described as "a romance of the loves of Lord Byron." Tom Moore has also been made the subject of romance by an American writer recently, and I could imagine Mr. Frankfort Moore giving us a very charming story with his famous fellow-countrymen for hero!

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The Whaddon Chase

The Vale of Aylesbury has always been regarded as the favourite resort of the London hunting community, but, during the last few seasons, the number of pilgrims by rail has notably increased. The Rothschild Stag Hunt, of course, is the attraction to many, but the Whaddon Chase Tuesdays, when the fixture is invariably situated in a sea of grass, are extraordinarily popular. The Whaddon pack has been in the Selby Lowndes family for over a century, and, though no attempt has been made to breed hounds for Show purposes, it is in as high repute as ever for working qualities and drive. The Whaddon Chase Hunt has earned the eternal gratitude of many sportsmen for a vast amount of excellent sport enjoyed within its boundaries; but from no class does it deserve more thanks than the sporting Press, for here it was that capping, the theme of many a special article, was introduced. That the measure was rendered imperative by the accessibility and choice nature of the country cannot be denied; and it is equally certain that the stringent rules have been administered with complete success.

The Country

Though Mr. Selby Lowndes still takes a keen and active interest in the Hunt, the duties of Mastership in the field are undertaken by his eldest son, who is a fine all-round sportsman, and extremely popular. Two days a week are as much as the country can stand in a fairly open season, the coverts being for the most part very small, though at Whaddon itself there are some fine woodlands, of which College Wood must be familiar to everybody who reads hunting reports. In the vale, arable land is sparsely represented, but on the eastern side, where the Oakley adjoin, there is a certain amount of plough; wire is, happily, unknown throughout the country. Jones, who hunts the hounds, has shown very good sport this season, while Sturman, whom he succeeded, is proving, by his success in the Heythrop country, what an admirable schooling ground for a huntsman the Vale of Aylesbury must be. Sturman's predecessor, at Whaddon, was Edward Bentley, who carried the horn for no less than twenty-three seasons, and died only a year ago. Jack, the terrier man, is quite a celebrity in his way, and manages to be on the spot whenever his and his dog's services are required.

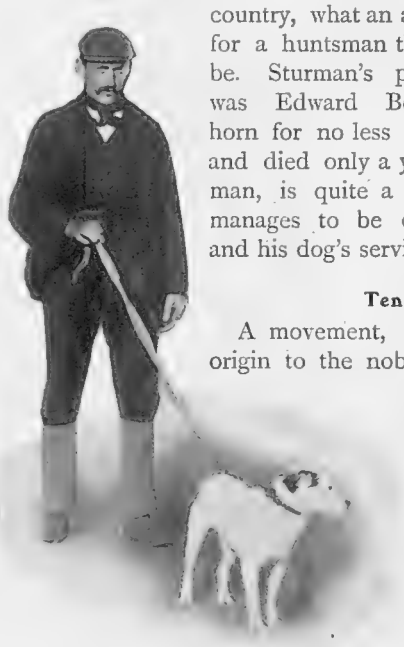


Photo by *Newman*

The Whaddon Chase
Jack and his terrier

Ten o'clock Meets

A movement, which is said to owe its origin to the noble Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, has to be reported in favour of ten o'clock meets, and, though it is sure to be encountered by considerable opposition, there is a great deal to be said in its favour. It so happens that, when the days are shortest, a wave of hospitality sweeps over the land—witness the enormous number of halls, parks, courts, and the like, which figured in last week's fixture-list. This nearly always means a delay in throwing off; indeed, where breakfast has to be discussed, hounds are often kept waiting until

The Whaddon Chase: Huntsman, Whip, and Pack

Mr. W. Selby Lowndes
The Master of the Whaddon Chase

noon. The only real drawback of the suggestion, excepting, of course, the necessity of early rising, which is to some extent compensated at the other end of the day, is its inconvenience to the hunting farmer. Under the eleven o'clock system, a hard worker is able to dispose of a large amount of business before riding off to covert. Should a general opinion be expressed that ten o'clock meets would affect the attendance of farmers, it ought to be quite enough to make the innovation undesirable.

The H.I.S.

Though the Hunters' Improvement Society still meets with powerful support, the report of the special committee on the breeding of hunters and general utility horses, which was read at a recent meeting, is anything but pleasant reading. Suitable mares are annually decreasing in number, breeding is, as a rule, conducted on anything but scientific principles, and Ireland is being more and more despoiled by the foreigner, a notable instance of this being a deal by which 350 choice young mares have passed into the possession of the Dutch Government during 1904. The gist of the report is the suggested formation of a special and representative body, among whose manifold duties will be the selection of a special district where the perfect hunter sire (if any) is to be nurtured, and the laudable efforts of the Brood Mare Society are to be seconded so as to secure a stock of sound and suitable matrons, the requisite funds being furnished by a syndicate separate from, though encouraged by, the Society. The crux of the scheme appears to be the creation of a class which is shrouded in uncertainty. Nobody, apparently, knows what the "perfect hunter sire" is, except that it is not a thoroughbred. Nevertheless, the committee will be accompanied by the best wishes of everybody in their quest.

Irish Notes

The weather has been, on the whole, unpropitious for sport in Ireland, and, though frost has not interfered with the fixtures to any great extent, storms and intense cold have made scent most uncertain. Mr. Watson had a good day from Drumree, but this was followed by several indifferent ones; large fields have been the rule, and Prince Hassan, cousin of the Khedive, has taken the field on several occasions. The Westmeath had a tremendous field when they met by invitation at Killagh, down Galway way, the other day, sixty horses arriving by one special train alone, while both the Galway Hunts were strongly represented, the Masters of each pack being present. The day's sport was good, consisting of three capital hunts, Ballydonclan and Carra Gorse supplying the leading items. The Louth Hounds have suffered from bad scent; they were, moreover, kept in kennel for a day or two by the lamented death of Mr. Tunstall Moore. The Waterford country was the scene of a curious incident the other day, a brace of foxes going away together from Boola, and subsequently taking parallel lines for Ballyfina Gorse. The hounds divided, and the two packs ran side by side until the covert was reached simultaneously, seventeen minutes after leaving Boola.

With the Whaddon Chase at Cowden Wood

The Whaddon Chase: Jones, the huntsman, off to draw a fresh covert

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Year's Golf

Another year will soon be added to the long roll of golfing years, and it behoves me to make an attempt to take stock of the situation and sum up the results of the past season. The end of a year seems a fitting moment for a golfer to address to himself the important question, "Has golf progressed, and if so, in what respects has it progressed?" For my own part, I have no hesitation in answering the first part of my question with an emphatic affirmative. In every department, whether of play, of players, or of implements, it seems to me that the game has made progress in marked fashion.

High Standard of Play

I do not think that I shall find anyone to contradict me when I assert that the standard of all-round play has this year reached a higher point than has been attained in any previous year. The play of the professionals at Sandwich last summer was absolutely phenomenal. I think I am right in stating that, for the first time in the history of the Open Championship, a round under seventy was recorded, and this was done not only by one player but by several. As I have pointed out previously, several factors contributed to this amazing result, but whatever the factors, the deduction we are bound to make from them is that golf has achieved a standard such as a few years back it would have been impossible to anticipate. There can be no doubt that, owing to the increased and ever increasing hold that the game is gaining all over the world, the competition among players becomes each year more severe. It is the old story of the survival of the fittest, and those "fittest" who do survive are indeed the finest players the world has yet seen.

The Haskell Ball

Hardly a week passes but witnesses the birth of some new club or ball which its inventor fondly hopes will rival the Haskell in the latter department, or revolutionise accepted theories in the former. As yet, the Haskell ball holds the proud place of chief favourite, and, so far as one can see, seems likely to retain that position. But in these days of ingenious inventors and inventions, it is quite possible that a new ball may come along, which will be to the Haskell as the Haskell was to the gutty. For the moment, however, the ball cored in some fashion or other marks the highest point of invention as far as balls are concerned. In the matter of clubs, there is no startling departure from accepted notions.

Concerning Clubs

The short-headed, socketed club in the wooden department is very much the same as it was last year and some years previously. Some experts declare, however, that the scared club is the better weapon, as being less deflected in the head by impact with the ball. The great drawback to the scared club is the possibility of the club coming "loose in the glue." Many a man has lost a match through finding his favourite driver or brassy loose in the head at a critical point of the game. There is less danger of this in the socketed clubs, but in their case there remains the question of "torsion," and difficulty of proper adjustment. I see that Butchart, who turns out such beautiful wooden clubs, is advertising a new form of splicing, the splice being carried right down to the heel of the club. The splice is finally fastened with glue, then "whipped," and this new system looks likely to obviate "torsion," besides being easier to readjust than a socketed club in the event of anything going wrong. So far as I can see, Butchart's scheme is an attempt to combine the virtues of the "scare" and the "socket" without the disadvantages of either. I have not tried these new clubs yet, but hope to do so shortly, and will then give my readers the benefit of my experience with them.

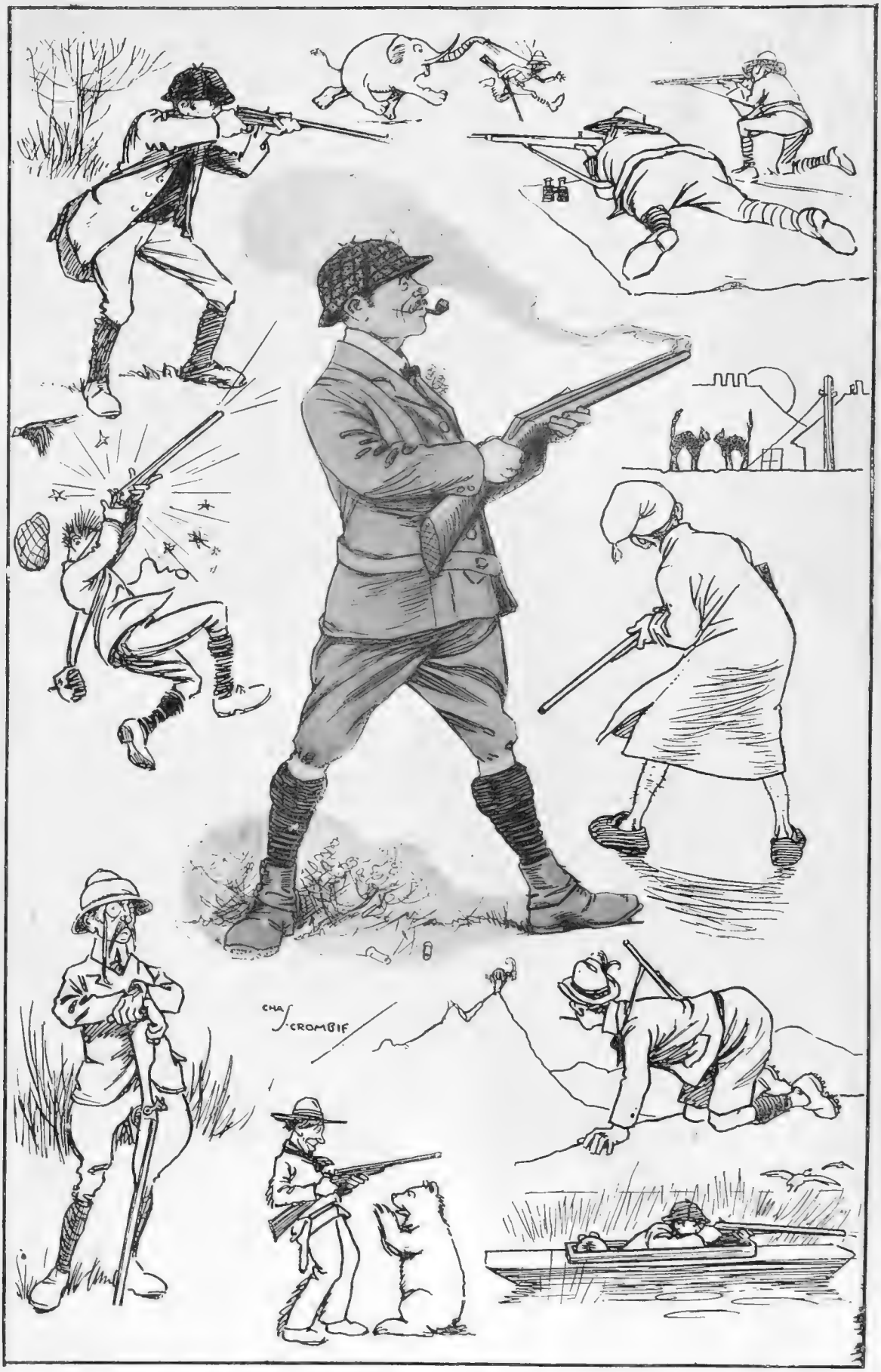
"Including Links"

Under "implements" of the game, I may, perhaps, be allowed to class the links themselves, always remembering the story of the American who sent an order to old Tom for a complete set of implements of golf, "including links," to make the outfit complete. In this department, every club has been setting its house in order, and there can be no doubt that the old courses are being furbished up into tip-top order to meet the competition of the many new young rivals that are springing up every day in every part of the United Kingdom. Among players we find the old favourites still well to the front, whether in the professional or amateur ranks, and though several of the younger men, more especially Sherlock and Thomson, showed great brilliancy in individual rounds in the Open Championship, they were unable to make the sustained effort which carried older competitors, such as White, Taylor, and Braid, into the first three places.

A "Travis" Year

Among amateurs the year will be remembered as the "Travis" year, and if, as I have been told on good authority, a study of Travis's methods gave White the clue of the maze leading to victory, we may hope that a similar lesson will not be lost on our amateurs, and will show its effect next year. But space precludes me from discussing this topic of "players" any more for the moment, though I hope to deal further with it in a forthcoming issue.

Ernest Lehmann



A PAGE OF "SHOTS"—HUMAN AND OTHERWISE

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Pres de Paris

A picture in this issue, on page 812, suggests an air railway which is to transport you from Victoria to Chatham in five minutes. I am all for progress, but meantime I must say that the way the South Eastern take you to Paris is really quite good. Dining in London, you leave Charing Cross at nine o'clock. Dover is quickly reached; a sixty minutes' crossing lands you at Calais, and supper over (I can recommend the perennial pullet at the station restaurant), you turn into your sleeping berth and wake up at the Gare du Nord, Paris. Travelling on this route wastes no time, and so easy is the journey, that one wonders that more English motorists were not present at the Salon.

Chickens

With the motor as my excuse, I generally cross the water at least three or four times a year. Never a visit but what I return full of admiration for our neighbours' cooking, and especially do I praise their chickens. There is something about their nicely flavoured pullet which is quite of the best. It has a distinctive flavour, a luscious brownness, that is all its own. It is nearly as dangerous for a mere man to enter the domain of the kitchen as it is for him to discuss dress, but I would like to know how it is that the French chicken tastes so much better than a Surrey fowl. I have been told that they cook them in oil. A highly artistic advertisement that I read recently in the *Times* suggests that the secret is a special butter, at the fearful price of three shillings a pound. From another source I hear that the French chicken gets no exercise; he is locked up, and is not allowed to run about. If this is really the case, no doubt, as motors increase, our home birds will take less exercise, our chickens will be locked up, and motors will confer another blessing on this country—the French pullet.

"Horseteria"

No frequenter of our highways has taken such a deep interest in the improvement of the motor-car, as the chicken, except it be the horse. In connection with the friend of man, I read in the always accurate *Star*, of December 17, that:

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The Paris Motor Show: Motor-boats outside "Les Verreries" (the Glas houses), Paris

In this building the launches and heavy petrol vehicles were exhibited. The bridge in the distance over the Seine was the start and finish of the motor-boat race

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The Hotchkiss craft—steered by that racing expert, M. Henri Fournier
This boat won the Salon Cup, covering the thirty-one miles in 1 hr. 23 min.

A prominent Birmingham veterinary surgeon declares that the motor is having a most detrimental effect upon the temperament of high-spirited and well-bred horses. Many animals, he states, go completely off their feed as the result of the irritating noises and quick-flashing appearances and disappearings of powerful motors. He says the introduction of the motor has caused the development of a new malady among horses.

Many foolish ideas have, latterly, emanated from Birmingham, and this is by no means the silliest. One thing only has this prominent (?) vet. forgotten—he has omitted to give it a name. Let me supply the deficiency and christen it "horseteria." One thing more occurs to me with regard to these Brummagem horses—perhaps they are off their feed—they have been converted to Protection!—they have ceased to be free-fooders!

Suffering from Too Much Motor

My readers must excuse me if, for this week only, I talk a little nonsense about nothing at all. I have had such a dose of chassis; I have examined so many engines; I am aweary of oil-bath clutches, of patent carburettors, of gear-boxes, of magneto ignition. But here are some more notes on the Big Show, under the highly literary title of

"THATS"

That the uniformity of design at the Salon is very striking, all are agreed.

* * *

That no feature is the feature of the Salon.

* * *

That the Salon shingle side-walks are everywhere unpopular.

* * *

That French manufacturers have made no real advance this year.

That the petrol car is now as nearly perfect as human ingenuity can make it.

* * *

That the man who is always about-to-buy when cars improve has now either to purchase a motor or hold his tongue.

* * *

That on the opening day, M. Loubet took his first ride on a motor-car.

* * *

That it is not true that M. Loubet has ordered a high-powered Fiat, fitted with a racing body and large sprocket wheels.

* * *

That, nevertheless, the Fiat exhibit was quite good, and their new models worth attention.

* * *

That the enterprising M. Charley had his own Paris Salon. He had a splendid display of Mercédes cars at his fine show-rooms in the Champs Elysées.

That the fitting of two foot-brake pedals, actuating two independent brakes, is noticeable in some of the high-powered cars.

That there was only one two-cycle motor in the Show, and it was on M. Réné Legros' stand.

That the only person who really holds sanguine views as to its future is the inventor.

That one car called the "Direct" had no gear-box; it was fitted with a four-cylinder engine of 50 h.-p., and its designer, disliking complications, thinks a change-speed box unnecessary.

That one wonders how many orders were booked for this model.

* * *

That if you want a petrol engine for a motor-boat, you cannot do better than patronise either Renault Frères, De Dion-Bouton, or the Wolseley Company.

* * *

That the universal joint has received fitting attention this year from the manufacturers; that the Argyll Company exhibit an interesting type, fitted with epicycloidal jaws, engaging in much the same way as the teeth of gear-wheels.

* * *

That the *Autocar*, usually a model of accuracy, has made a mistake. It describes the single-cylinder Renault as of 6 h.-p., with a tube frame. The engine is 8 h.-p., and the frame stamped steel.

* * *

That after a few days at the Salon one has motors on the brain, and mistakes are pardonable.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

M. Bibendum at the Salon motor-boat race

M. Michelin et Cie, the noted tyre makers, let off some balloons, shaped like the man built of tyres, who, in an illustration given in our last week's Motor Supplement, was seen drinking a toast in flints, nails, and other obstacles of the road, without suffering deflation

That someone (Mr. Datas, I presume) has estimated the number of electric lights in the building at two hundred thousand, and the value of the exhibits at £500,000.

* * *

That this is very interesting, and it is a pity that one cannot ascertain how many catalogues have been given away.

* * *

That the type of visitor who trots round with a big bag assiduously collecting lists, was *en evidence*.

* * *

That the police are doing very little.

* * *

That the wet weather, and the presence of habitual offenders at the Paris Salon may account for it.

Photo by *Whitlock*

The beautiful new motor-brougham built for Her Majesty the Queen by the Wolseley Company, Birmingham

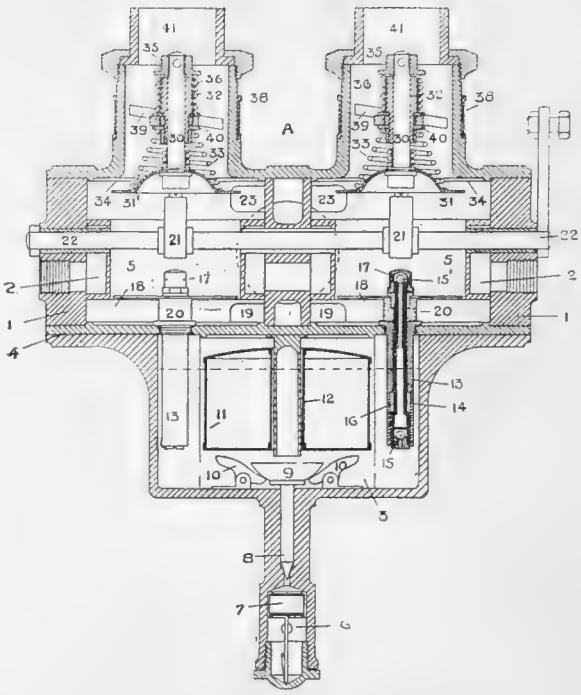
Bargains

I am, as a rule, suspicious of anything cheap, but at this period of the year one can sometimes pick up a bargain in the shape of a car, because it is suffering from competition with its brother model of the new year. I was much surprised by hearing that one can obtain one of this year's 18-28 h.-p. Mercédes chassis for £760. The news seemed too good to be true, but my information was confirmed by enquiring at the offices of the Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association, 34, Shaftesbury Avenue. Even the latest model "side-entrance chassis" can be purchased for £860. This price appeals all the more when, after a visit to the Paris Salon, I find that there is practically no improvement in the 1905 models.

The Argyll Carburettor

Automatic carburation is almost essential to mechanically operated valves. The universal adoption of m.o. valves has had the inevitable result—the production of an improved form of carburettor. A pattern which is quite in the front rank was shown by the Argyll Company at the Salon. I append a sectional drawing of it, together with a short description:

(3) Is the float chamber; the dotted line shows the petrol level; projecting downwards into this chamber are petrol feed-pump barrels (13). When the piston moves forward in the suction stroke, it creates a partial vacuum in the induction pipe (41). This causes a rush of hot air from pipe (23), through ports 19, up through holes in the disc 18, which is fixed to the pump plunger (14). This plunger has at its lower end a ball suction valve (15), and at its upper end the delivery valve (15). The lifting of the disc 18, due to difference of pressure of air on its two sides, lifts the pump plunger, which in turn discharges the petrol from the annular space (16) through valve (15) and spray nozzles in cap (17). The quantity of petrol per induction stroke of piston, as will be seen, is thus determined by the cubic contents of this space. This quantity, once correctly determined for an engine, does not need, and ought not, to be varied. In order to allow of adjustment when fitted, or to suit another spirit, a cam (21) actuated by a shaft (22) is provided.



Section of the new Argyll Carburettor

In each induction pipe (41) is placed a separate governing device. This consists of a spindle (30) carrying a disc valve (31), held from its seat (34) by a series of springs (33 and 36). In order to follow the action of this mechanism, it is necessary to note that when the piston moves forward in its cylinder, it tends to form a vacuum behind it, into which the air from ports 19 and 23 rushes. When the speed is small, the air keeps pace with the piston, and there is little vacuum formed; when, however, the piston speed increases, the air is less able to flow in fast enough, and a partial vacuum is formed. Now, as soon as this vacuum—or rather the difference of pressure on the two sides of valve 31—is sufficient to overcome its inertia, and counterbalance the pressure of the springs tending to keep it open, valve 31 will close on its seat, cutting off the supply of air and petrol. Once it has closed, it is clear that it cannot open again during that suction stroke, as the further movement forward of the piston in the cylinder only tends to increase the vacuum, and hold it the more tightly shut.

The advantages found by the use of this carburettor and governor are briefly as follows:

Greater economy of fuel—from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent; quieter and steadier running is a particular feature; will run a car on top gear at much lower speeds; will run faster on top speed; will climb hills easier, and with greater power; combustion perfect; exhaust and plugs are always clean.

Any of my readers who wish for further particulars should drop a post-card to the Hozier Engineering Company, of Bridgeton, Glasgow.

Alfred C. Hunter.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

A forecast at the Paris Motor Show

What ladies will wear in the year 2000 A.D.

Old Merchant Taylors v. Old Alleynians at Richmond

THE TAYLORS WIN BY THE NARROW MARGIN OF TWO PLACED GOALS (10 POINTS) TO THREE TRIES (9 POINTS)

The match last week between the Old Merchant Taylors and the Old Alleynians was a good and even one. Every point was contested to the utmost. On the whole, perhaps, the Old Merchant Taylors were a shade superior in the forward game, while the Old Alleynians had by far stronger halves. As it was, the game played by the latter did them great credit, and showed them up well, against a team who are ranked high among the first-class clubs. However, on the whole, there was not much to choose between them, though it is only fair to say that the best team won the game. It has generally been noticed of late that the first-class Rugby teams have fallen off considerably this year in their play, and that the second-class footballers have improved so much that they are in a good way to become as good and perhaps, eventually, better than the first-class men. A case in point is that of the Harlequins, who have this year done so very moderately, having by no means come up to the standard of play that was generally expected. One can only hope that this will not continue, or they will find themselves ousted from their position as a crack team to that of a very second-class one; while the Old Merchant Taylors are one of the teams that are slowly, but surely, forcing their way into the ranks of first-class clubs, and if they continue to work as they have been doing lately, they will succeed in what is evidently their object.

A goal to Merchant Taylors

Old Merchant Taylors *v.* Old Alleynians

A throw in by Alleynians

Old Merchant Taylors *v.* Old Alleynians

The following are the teams:

Old Merchant Taylors: C. W. Reeves (back), C. J. Sherwin, A. B. Barrett, A. C. Tannahill, and H. Shuttleworth (three-quarter backs), C. B. Buck and F. H. Cockell (half-backs), C. Bourns, G. R. B. Smith, H. M. Wyatt, S. S. Nevill, H. W. Marshall, M. E. Dellschaft, E. B. Lloyd, and C. A. Covernton (forwards).

Old Alleynians: W. H. Bishop (back), E. D. Gregory, T. E. Gullick, F. G. Manvell, and H. C. Caswall (three-quarter backs), R. M. Everett and L. S. Manvell (half-backs), J. C. L. Farquharson (capt.), D. H. Trail, A. E. Bell, K. McI. Kemp, McC. Christison, R. C. Richards, H. A. M. Green, and S. Christison (forwards).

Photos copyright *The Bystander*

Alleynians get possession after a struggle near the touch line

Old Merchant Taylors *v.* Old Alleynians

AN AFTERNOON

At the Garrick Theatre

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CROMBIE

The Christmas Play is now an established institution. "*Toujours* Pantomime," exclaimed the weary playgoer, and was immediately given a change of diet. Christmas plays, like pantomimes, are intended to appeal to children. Sometimes, like some pantomimes, they bring to a child's face that air of pained wonderment which expresses, "What *are* these people playing at?"—the while Uncle John and Aunt Mary are convulsed with merriment. Again, other Christmas plays make a direct appeal to the mind of a child, although they fail to inspire in the breasts of "grown-up" any other feeling beyond one of pleasure that their charges are enjoying themselves.

In this latter category of Christmas plays must be placed *Little Black Sambo and Little White Barbara*, the musical comedy for children, which is the principal feature of afternoons at the Garrick Theatre. It would be quite out of place to carp at a loosely jointed book and a score with hardly a note of distinction in it, when the children are filled with delight at the spectacle of so many black people on the stage and their quaint antics.

Coonland never fails to work its spell of fascinations among a juvenile audience. Proof of this predilection for the coloured races is to be found in the honoured position occupied by Pompeys and Sambos and black gollywogs in the world of toys. How often are these disreputable and unprepossessing specimens

Miss Nellie Bowman
(*Jane*)

Mr. Hugh Wakefield
(*Charlie*)

LADY JANE'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

Miss Iris Hawkins
(*Little White Barbara*

Mr. Leonard Calvert
(*Dr. Funyman*)

Mr. Frank Lawton
(*Pompey*)

Miss Nellie Bowman
(*Little Black Sambo*)

Mr. Webb Darleigh
(*Plantagenet*)

Photo by] **Miss Marie George** [*Langfier*

The clever American character actress, who again plays the leading girl in the Drury Lane Pantomime

of their class taken to the heart, while the proud beauties with pink cheeks, china blue eyes, and flaxen hair, are cast into the cold. So "Little Black Sambo" of the stage, is a prime favourite with the "Little White Barbara's" in the audience. Miss Nellie Bowman jumps and skips through the *rôle* with elfish sprightliness.

In fact, the strongest feature of the piece is the dancing, as well it might be with such exponents as Miss Bowman, Miss Madge Titheradge, and Mr. Frank Lawton. The musical comedy is preceded by *Lady Jane's Christmas Party*, by Tom Gallon, aptly termed an old-fashioned episode, for it is old fashioned in the delightful manner in which our grand-parents in the country were old fashioned, and in which Yuletide, with all its joys, is old fashioned.

The Scala Theatre

What is the meaning of this wonderful theatre with grand flights of stairs in the auditorium, which has been raised in a tangle of mean streets? And what are the aims of the Chevalier E. Distin-Maddick, who has been working so unostentatiously during the past decade at the task of rearing this monument? It may be the effect of Yuletide, when surprises are in the air, but the expectation persists in asserting itself in my mind that the Chevalier is going to play the part of Fairy Godfather to the British drama. There are many reasons for this supposition. If, like the general run of his kind, he had built a theatre for the noble purpose of sub-letting it at a handsome profit, he would certainly not have chosen such an unsuitable neighbourhood as Charlotte Street and its environs. Again, the name of the theatre-builder is invariably blazoned over the land before the architect has sharpened his pencil. It is easy to be a prospective theatre-builder when a generous public gives away sites in Aldwych like soup tickets. No, I feel convinced that the reserve of the Chevalier E. Distin-Maddick is the prelude to a surprise such as we have not known since childhood's days. What can it be? Is this magnificent playhouse to be run on the lines of a modern restaurant—cheap prices and the best fare? Is it possible that it will take the place of a State theatre, the subsidy to come out of the pockets of a private philanthropist? Imagine a theatre in London with a frequent change of bill and first-class companies, English and Continental.

The brain reels at the thought of a theatre so Catholic and so cosmopolitan as to be the medium of enlarging the playgoers' acquaintance among the dramatists of his own and of other countries—a theatre where the young actor would learn to shake off the mannerisms which have become encrusted upon him by that most pernicious school of acting—the successful play with a long run. A truce to conjecture. Let us hope for the best, and cry, meanwhile, "*Viva La Scala!*"

E. C. S.

Photo by] **Miss May Ash** [*Bassano*

Who has successfully taken over Miss Zena Dare's *rôle* in "The Catch of the Season" at the Vaudeville Theatre

King Pantomime

King Pantomime has commenced his beneficent rule under the pleasantest auspices, and the town is full of the adventures of White Cats, Robinson Crusoes, Dick Whittingtons, and the like. At Drury Lane, the audiences have taken in the kindliest manner to the light comedy of Mr. James Welch; while Miss Marie George, who created such a sensation on her first appearance in Drury Lane pantomime, once more demonstrates her cleverness in a character *rôle*. At this season of the year the claims of King Pantomime often leave gaps in the ranks of musical comedy. Such is the case at the Vaudeville Theatre, where Miss May Ash has won golden opinions in the *rôle* formerly played by Miss Zena Dare.

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Marie Lloyd smiles at a studio snowstorm

Matters Musical

Musical Comedy

An interesting sign of the times—which are, are they not? most cultured and refined—is the popularity of that class of entertainment which goes by the name of musical comedy. It would appear to have merited this name from the fact that there is very little of either music or comedy required in its composition. This is, without doubt, an unpopular opinion, but I venture humbly to suggest that a spark or two of originality—at any rate, as far as the musical portion is concerned—would be very much appreciated by a public which good-naturedly accepts the present state of affairs, in default of anything better being put before it. It remains, of course, with my friend, the dramatic critic, to say whether or no there is room for improvement in the "comedy" feature of the average musical comedy, but I can safely affirm that there certainly is in the "musical" portion.

Disappointing

Up till now the method of the "composer" seems to have been to look through the scores of dead and comfortably rotting "shows" and to pick out the most successful numbers; which done, he proceeds to alter the tunes slightly, so as to suit the limitations of his librettist, and to write, perhaps, a little "frilling" in front in lieu of a symphony, and lo! an entirely new and original series of songs. The only disadvantage about the proceeding is, that as the first two or three musical comedies never had much of enduring worth in them, though they were fresh and pleasing enough as a novelty, the subsequent products are rapidly degenerating, till one yearns in vain for another Gilbert-Sullivan partnership.

Something Better Wanted

The dramatic critic tells me that comic opera has been run to death, and points a triumphant finger at the Savoy, which, under the enterprising management of Mrs. Brown-Potter, seeks to ascend from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the comic absurdities of Savoy opera to the lofty heights of plagiarised versions of grand opera. I am dubious. I think, though I suppose I am prejudiced, that all the people who now go to see the many musical comedies running in London, would be the first to patronise revivals of the Gilbert-Sullivan successes, and assuredly it would be much better for them. The crowded houses at the recent season of Italian opera at Covent Garden are proof positive that the public appreciates good music, and, above all, music that it knows, when it can get the chance to hear it.

Sunday Concerts

There is nothing new to be said about Mr. Henry J. Wood, though, perhaps, it is not generally known that he is one of the few people who work on Christmas day, or, at any rate, worked this Christmas Day. As conductor of the Queen's Hall orchestra, he wields the *bâton* every Sunday on behalf of the Sunday Concerts Society, which gave its first concert in 1898. It is interesting to know that the movement is financially a success, and the idea is so good that it is to be hoped it will be continued indefinitely. To people who live in London, the opportunity of hearing such good music as is invariably discoursed at these concerts is most welcome, especially as the prices charged are very low. H. F.

Photo by A souvenir portrait of the celebrated Queen's Hall conductor [*Pendry*

The Art of Book Illustration

TWO PRIZE DRAWINGS FROM ST. JOHN'S WOOD ART SCHOOLS

Subject from "Lorna Doone": First Prize, won by Miss Amy Clare Waters

"And who knows but what she may have liked (as the very best of maidens do) to be admired now and then between the times of business?"

Subject from "Lorna Doone": Honourable Mention, Miss Elizabeth Newth

"With his white locks moving on his coat, he stopped and looked at my mother, and she could not help herself but curtsey under the fixed black gazing"

A Woman's Pocket Book

In my notes a fortnight ago I was discussing the pitiful plight of distressed gentlewomen, and lamenting that there were no means of assisting them. It would seem that there are, as a matter of fact, many societies for their relief, many of which, although little known, are unostentatiously doing the utmost that limited resources permit.

Many of my readers have written very kindly to put me right, and I must express my gratitude to them for having enabled me, not only to ascertain that I was wrong in my surmises (which I gladly admit), but because it affords me the opportunity of passing on to the readers of these notes the name of the largest of these societies, and that is "The United Kingdom Beneficent Association," the address of which is 7, Arundel Street, Strand. This excellent organisation, which claims their Majesties the King and Queen as patrons and the Duke of Abercorn as president, has been in existence for no less than forty years, during which time it has distributed £49,000 among distressed gentlefolk. Its object is to grant annuities to those suffering from any form of physical infirmity which incapacitates them from earning their own livelihood; and no distinction is made as to sex or creed. At the present moment, the Association is paying annuities amounting to upwards of £22,000 annually, which assists 994 distressed persons.

The above praiseworthy Society, permanent though its effects are on those it is enabled to assist, is not exactly what I was alluding to when I wrote on the subject, for there are many gentlewomen who have not the good fortune to command the influence necessary to obtain an annuity such as the U. K. B. A. grants. I have, however, read with deep interest a letter, sent to me by several correspondents, from the *Church Times*, of December 9th, 1904. The method of the writer, the Rev. J. E. Vaux, is to gather the names and addresses of ladies in necessitous circumstances, and, on the charitable applying to him, he supplies the name and address of one such person needing help, to whom one guinea is sent. His plan is such an admirable one, it seems to me, and so thoroughly gets at just the very people I was thinking of, that I make no apology for reproducing his own words:

By widely-spread inquiry I have collected from thoroughly trustworthy sources the names and addresses of a large number of very poor ladies, the widows and orphan daughters of professional men—ladies who are in grievous need of help.

It is for these I very earnestly plead, and if any would add to their own Christmas joy by the thought that they had given unexpected delight to their less fortunate sisters, here is an opportunity for them to do so.

Let them write to me at the address given below, and by return of post they would receive the name and address of a gentlewoman in truly necessitous circumstances, for them to help.

As I wish these Christmas Gifts to be really useful ones, I venture to ask that not less than a guinea may be sent to each lady, and this strictly anonymously. Also, I beg that such gifts should be forwarded direct to the recipients by the donor, and not through me.

There are, however, many who would like to help, but who could only give smaller contributions. In these cases, if the sums, however small, were sent to me, I would club them together, and forward anonymously a guinea apiece to indigent ladies on my list. Receipts for these small amounts would be promptly sent by me to the donors.

(Rev.) J. EDWD. VAUX.

67, Claverton Street, London, S.W.

I have also received many other letters drawing attention to similar philanthropic institutions, but I think the two above will afford my readers the opportunity of giving assistance to those of their own class who have seen adversity, should they desire to put their hands in their pockets. And though, by the time these lines are in print, it will be too late to gladden their hearts by making them recipients of gifts before Christmas, it is well to remember that distress is always with us, and that January is as hard a month as any.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: A Dainty Little Luncheon

I was lunching at the house of a friend last week, who is renowned for her excellent cuisine, and was much taken with a very novel dish called "Soles Goujon." I am giving the recipe of it below, and also the menu of the luncheon, including one or two of the other dishes, which, I can assure my readers, are well worth a trial.

Œufs Florentin
Soles Goujon Sauce Tartare
Poulet Braise au Riz
Salade
Nids à la Neige
Compôte d'Oranges
Café

SOLES GOUJON

Procure a medium-sized sole, bone and skin it, and cut it into small strips about two and a half inches in length and half an inch in width. Dip these pieces into batter, and have ready a stewpan of boiling fat. Put some of the pieces of fish into the frying basket and fry a few at a time. Put them to drain on paper in front of the fire. This fish looks very much like whitebait when cooked as above.

POULET BRAISE AU RIZ

Truss a fowl as if for boiling. Put it in a pan with 2 qts. of stock, and let it stew for one hour and a quarter. Then add a breakfast-cupful of rice, well washed and fried a light brown in butter, and let the whole stew for about three-quarters of an hour. Before serving stir in a little curry sauce to the rice and a handful of sultana raisins. Garnish the fowl with the rice.

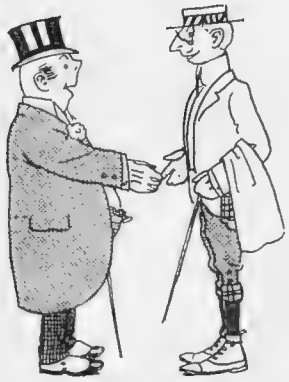
NIDS À LA NEIGE

Boil 1½ lb. of chestnuts, remove the inner rinds and outer skins. Simmer gently in one quart of milk and water, till done like a floury potato. Drain and bruise them in a basin, with one tablespoonful of powdered white sugar; rub through a coarse sieve, put in a glass dish, and cover with half a pint of cream, whipped with a little sugar.

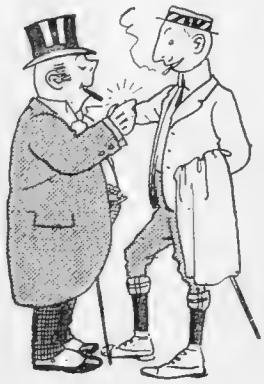
EMILIA.

Bull-Fighting in Spain—as described by Jones

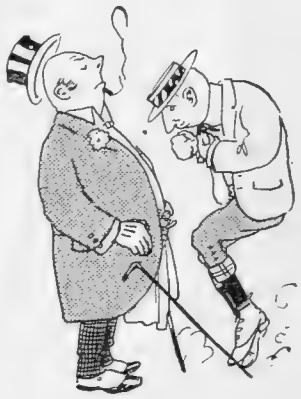
DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW



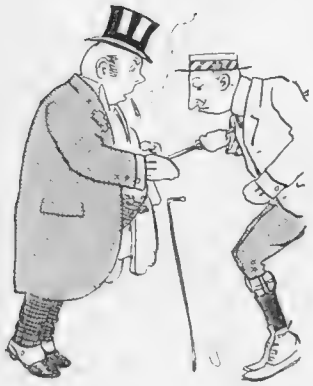
1. "Just back from Spain, eh?"



2. "Would you like to hear about a 'bull-fight'?" "Rather——!"

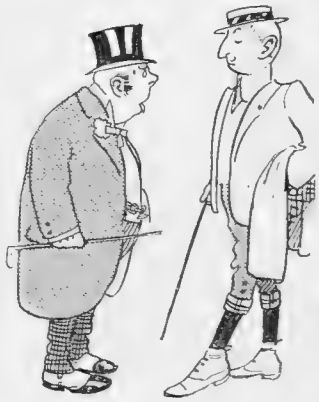


3. "The bull rushes in!



4. "Then the chap on the horse has a go at it . . .

5. ". . . After that the Banderillos—

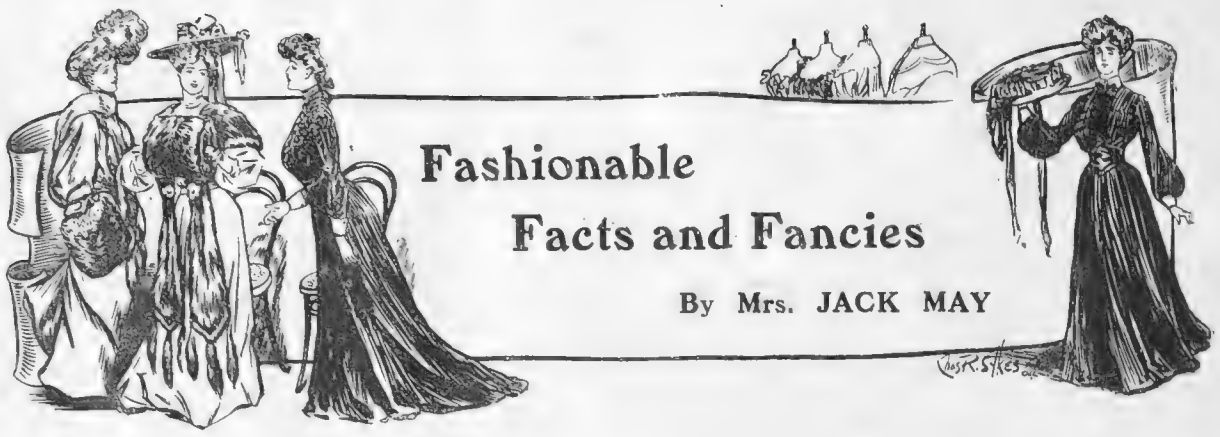


6. ". . . Now out comes the stately Matador . . .

7. "He stands like this . . . up goes his sword

8. "This kills the bull . . . !!

9. "!—— Hello! there's my 'bus!"



Fashionable Facts and Fancies

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Glass of Fashion

The knell of the old year will be striking when these words appear in print, and those of us with any modicum of sentiment left will, doubtless, be making fine resolutions, with a view to meeting in a proper spirit the advent of the new. The unknown is always so replete with possibilities of virtue and renown—to the young at least; while for those who have eaten of the fruit of life, and find it—well! not wholly sweet, there are various compensative measures, such as increased facilities for enjoying that leisure to which one has looked forward throughout a busy life.

The poverty of the aristocracy, or should-be rich, is really becoming proverbial, though one finds it difficult of realisation. And the humour of it all comes in the lovely inconsistency of the attitude; for while people are laughing sarcastically at the vulgarity of the rich *parvenu*, they resort to every possible subterfuge to arrive at the same end, so as to enjoy a full share of the flesh-pots of Egypt.

For my own part, I find the most enviable persons in the world are those who can think *cheap*; all shall be forgiven them, their estimable air, their poorly veiled disapproval of those of us who, having little, yet spend much; everything, if only they will give us the recipe for resting content with penurious spending. From all of which it may, perhaps, be surmised by sympathetic readers how Ambrosine and I are emerging from that doleful Christmas experience of trying to mate a generous giving spirit with a poorly supplied purse, and are miserable sufferers thereby. We have grave doubts as to the blessedness of givingrather than receiving. And on the top of it all come

The Sales

The potential attractions of these are already blazed forth in big letters, and wandering, as is our wont, through the leading large emporiums, Ambrosine and I are alike struck by reductions that are for once verily amazing.

The great Fenwick, 62, New Bond Street, who has stolen a march as usual on his *confrères*, confided to us the presence of certain alluring bargains held back. This is a singularly well-conducted sale, and scores all along the line, since a Fenwick creation, be it simple or ornate, carries its own insignia of elegance and individual taste.

At Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, there is to be, on January 2, an especially attractive clearance of tea-gowns and tea-jackets, together with dressing gowns and dressing jackets. It is impossible to recall one tenth of the display, but there stands forth in vivid remembrance a crêpe-de-Chine gown trimmed with white medallion lace, little frills of messaline, and carrying the quaintest folded fichu, all gauged

A débutante's gown of white mousseline de soie
(Sketched at Redfern's)

A Purchase for the Home.

AS a home acquisition the most desirable is that which will give lasting pleasure to the entire household. Your choice should rest on something that is not of passing interest merely, but of permanent value, something in fact that would be an investment rather than an expense. When we advocate the purchase of a Pianola, you will agree that the suggestion is a good one. New possibilities in piano-playing are revealed to you, the growing fascination of acquiring an unlimited repertoire, the wherewithal to amuse your guests and enliven your evenings at home, all become yours.

No other instrument can compete with the Pianola for sheer artistic merit. The greatest musicians of the day have stated so in writing.

Call or write for Catalogue B.

The Orchestrelle Company,

ÆOLIAN HALL, 135-6-7, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Hamley's New Game

HAMLEY'S CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE GAME.

The Game of "HOTPOT."

Simplicity itself, but screaming fun, and just a spice of skill. The Game for a merry party.

Price 2s. 6d. Postage 4d. Extra.

To be obtained at any of our Branches, or from all first-class Dealers in Toys and Games.

HAMLEY BROS., Ltd.,

Manufacturers of Indoor and Outdoor Games,

London Branches: 64 & 66, Regent St., W. (Piccadilly Circus); 512 & 510a, Oxford St., W. (Marble Arch); 59, Knightsbridge, S.W. (Near Albert Gate); 231, High Holborn, W.C.; 35, New Oxford St., W.C.

Head Warehouse (Wholesale & Retail): 86 & 87, High Holborn, W.C.

A sale bargain

(A charming navy-blue costume, sketched at Messrs. Thomas & Sons, 32, Brook Street)

about the shoulders into which *bouffant* sleeves melt imperceptibly. And this confection in grey, pale blue, and black, *chic* in every particular, and wholly desirable, is only nine guineas.

A quite fresh departure that appealed to us hugely, was the familiar soft *plissé* silk gown, arranged with a waist. In black and a variety of colours, the price of this superior novelty is only 69*s.* 6*d.*, and it is the type of gown most coveted by the average woman, since it can be worn in the afternoon with every discretion. Tea-gowns, of late, have grown so overpoweringly regal, nothing short of a reception seems to warrant their presence, and one welcomes gladly the reasonableness of this moderately priced little model. A Paisley quilted dressing jacket, at 18*s.* 9*d.*, is the sweetest and cheapest thing imaginable, while those meditating foreign tours, or providing for Indian trousseaux, should really go and seize, ere they fade into the air, some spotted cambric *negligées*, left over from last summer, which it has been decreed shall be cleared at 8*s.* 11*d.*

A Very Exclusive Sale

is Redfern's, where everything is recklessly marked down to ensure its despatch. Almost one feels the conscience of these great leaders of fashion is too tender, they are so ruthless in their clearance of models, that have been seen for an appreciable moment. And, but that goes without saying, there are not two models alike, neither in the case of costumes or wraps. In its way, this sale opportunity at Redfern's stands unique, for the girl or young married woman on a narrow allowance, who may thus enjoy the fruits of the best, would probably have expended the same amount at an inferior establishment for a garment whose only virtue is that it has come straight from the workroom to the wearer.

A Redfern blouse is always a dream of daintiness, especially those of lace, two and sometimes three kinds being requisitioned, with intricate introduction of finely tucked chiffon. And a Redfern *chapeau*, ever something to be sought and secured, the note of originality rendering these of modish value, long after they have faded from the memory of their always advancing pioneers.

That pictured gown for a *débutante* is a Redfern creation of white mousseline de soie, stitched with graduated lines of white satin ribbon. It is arranged *en princesse*, the fulness closely gauged above and below the waist with just the suggestion of a droop deftly manœuvred in front, over which falls a *berthé* of soft lace.

A Famed Tailleur

On January 2—you will note the date—there commences a clearance extraordinary at 32, Brook Street, where reside Messrs. Thomas and Sons. Not content with disposing of model gowns only, during the month, they are prepared to make up a certain amount of their surplus stock of materials at considerably reduced prices. However, compared with the more immediate acquisition of the made-up models, possibly these affairs of the future sink into temporary insignificance. There is a certain navy-blue cloth gown, stitched with black silk braid, and relieved by some delicious touches of orange about the coatee, which opens upon a little half vest of white cloth and white silk braid, that the woman who is wily enough to acquire will write herself down as greatly favoured by fortune, as the sale price is quite inadequate to express its intrinsic value, while some impression of the general appearance of this covetable thing, may be gathered from the accompanying sketch.

A brown cloth skirt there, is tucked horizontally and then box-pleated perpendicularly, a treatment which is carried out under the best tailoring auspices, completed by the very smartest bolero of crushed brown plush, to which a touch of immense distinction is afforded by a collar and groups of small buttons in a pale orange velvet.

Of absolutely plain coats and skirts—a style of severe tailoring most admirably understood and expressed by Thomas—there is a relatively speaking large choice, together with a few exclusive fur models and habits. And a "Thomas" habit, as all the world of riding women know, has no rival.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

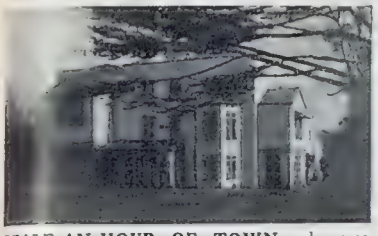
No. 56.—Vol. IV. Wednesday, December 28, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone Nos. 30 PADDINGTON. 2347 GERRARD.

GILLOWS
(WARING & GILLOW, Ltd.)

Telegrams: "GILLOWS, LONDON."

GILLOW'S LISTS of Residential Estates, Country Houses, and Sportings in Two Parts, obtainable post free six stamps.
I. Estates and Houses Unfurnished.
II. Furnished Mansions and Shootings.



HALF-AN-HOUR OF TOWN.—3½ acres. Old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 8 bedrooms, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling, lodge. Rent, £175 per annum. (12,489)

KENT (Westerham Hill).—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a fine position, 650 ft. above sea level. Accommodation: 6 bed, bath (h. & c.), 3 reception rooms; stabling for 2; gas & water laid on; grounds of 4 of an acre. Freehold, £1,300. (12,514)

WINDSOR (near).—To be SOLD or LET, this old-fashioned, comfortable RESIDENCE, comprising: 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), grounds of 4 acres, with double cottage & small farmery; orchard, paddock, & lawns; bounded on one side by the River Colne. £150 per annum. Price, £3,000. (12,501)

IN THE CENTRE OF THE COTTESMORE COUNTRY.

OAKHAM (near; on the outskirts of a picturesque village).—To be SOLD, an old-fashioned stone-built RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, 11 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); stabling for 12 horses; modern drainage; hard & soft water; 4-roomed cottage & dairy. Price, £3,500, including all the furniture. Would be LET, Furnished, £150 per annum. (12,509)

FACING THE SEA.

CLACTON-ON-SEA.—To be SOLD or LET, this picturesque RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, fitted bathroom (h. & c.); stabling for 2; grounds with ten is lawn, pleasure & kitchen gardens; gas laid on; in excellent repair. Freehold, £3,300. Rent, £140. (12,512)

HAMPSTEAD.—For SALE, with immediate possession, charming detached RESIDENCE, in the best part of this favourite district, fitted with electric light & every possible convenience: 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, &c.; offices on ground floor; large garden; stabling for 4 horses. Price, £7,500. (40,297)

HARLEY STREET.—£6,000 will be accepted for a perfectly appointed RESIDENCE, containing: 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bath, 5 reception rooms, & stabling for 5 horses. (40,294)

BRYANSTON SQUARE.—For SALE, with immediate possession, a most charming HOUSE, in perfect order, & replete with every convenience: 10 bed, 2 dressing, 2 bath, & 6 reception rooms, including billiard room; stabling (3 stalls), double coach-house; 4 living rooms, &c. (40,287)

LADBROKE SQUARE.—To LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, an excellent RESIDENCE, in good decorative order, & fitted with modern improvements: 5 bed, bath, double drawing room, dining room, study, & offices. Rent, Furnished, 6 guineas per week; Unfurnished, £105 & small premium. (40,284)

HAMPSTEAD.—Semi-detached FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, close to Fitzjohn's Avenue: 7 bed, dressing, bath, & 4 reception rooms. Price, £3,500; or might be LET on Lease. (40,253)

BERKELEY SQUARE.—£200 per annum will Rent a choice little RESIDENCE, close to the above Square, & containing: 5 bedrooms, bath, 4 reception rooms, & offices; electric light. Premium for Lease, £250. (40,275)

WOBURN SQUARE, W.C.—A most conveniently placed HOUSE, containing: 7 bed, bath, & 4 reception rooms. Rent, £105 per annum. Lease, 15 years. Premium, £200. (40,270)

CADOGAN SQUARE.—For SALE, the 59 years' Lease of a very fine RESIDENCE in this favourite square. Accommodation: 13 bed & dressing rooms, bath, 4 reception rooms; excellent offices, and stabling for 4 horses; rooms over. (40,242)

OCCUPYING ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT POSITIONS IN TOWN.

MAYFAIR.—Noble TOWN MANSION, modernised & remodelled, unsurpassable views over Hyde Park. Accommodation: 14 bed & dressing rooms, 3 bath, & 7 reception rooms; stabling for 6. (40,265)

GLOUCESTER PLACE, Portman Square.—£2,000 will buy the direct Portman Lease of a perfectly appointed RESIDENCE in this convenient situation: 10 bedrooms, 2 bath, 5 reception rooms, & excellent domestic offices. Rent, £131, including insurance. (40,247)

WIMBLEDON.—To LET, on 3 years' agreement, a capital, double-fronted, detached HOUSE, with good garden, & containing: 5 bedrooms, dressing room, bath, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, and usual offices; 2 stairways. Rent, £63 per annum.

PARK LANE.—Newly decorated BIJOU RESIDENCE to LET, for the winter months or longer: 6 bed, bath, & 2 reception rooms; good offices; beautiful views over park. To a reliable tenant any reasonable offer would be considered.

LANCASTER GATE.—The Lease of one of the best of these fine MANSIONS for SALE, at a moderate price: 16 bed & dressing rooms, bath, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, and stabling. (40,301)

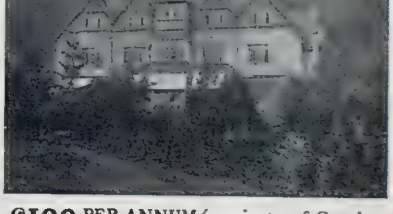
HYDE PARK SQUARE (close to).—£850 will secure the 18 years' Lease of a charmingly decorated BIJOU RESIDENCE, containing: 4 bedrooms, bath, & 2 reception rooms. Ground Rent, £8 per annum. Electric light; new drains. (40,299)

HYDE PARK.—Newly decorated RESIDENCE, fitted with electric light, containing: 6 bedrooms, bath, & 4 reception rooms. Price, £2,000. (40,299)

COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES.—Messrs. GILLOWS are exclusively appointed agents for many of the choicest available PROPERTIES, to be SOLD or LET, both Furnished & Unfurnished.—Estate Offices, 406, Oxford Street (entrance at 48, Duke Street), W.

CORSCOMBE (near Yeovil).—To be SOLD or LET on Lease, this well-built HUNTING BOX, comprising: 4 reception, 10 bed & dressing rooms, bath (h. & c.); stabling for 12, & other outbuildings, 3 cottages, pleasure gardens, meadow, pasture, & orchard, in all 43 acres. Price, £4,000. Rent, £150. (12,450)

HERTS & MIDDLESEX.—3 reception, 6 bed, bath (h. & c.); stabling for 5, with rooms; small farmery. Furnished, £300 per annum; Unfurnished, £170, with premium of £300. Might be SOLD. (12,381)



£180 PER ANNUM (10 minutes of Caterham Station).—Sitting hall, 3 reception, 14 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); stabling. Personally inspected. (12,499)

MAYFIELD (within 8 minutes of a station).—To be SOLD or LET, a picturesque RESIDENCE, which stands 450ft. above the sea level, in its own grounds. Accommodation; large hall, heated by hot-water pipes, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); Co.'s gas & water, main drainage; stabling for 5, with man's room; rose garden, tennis lawn, kitchen garden. £120 per annum. Price, 3,000 guineas. (12,500)

MARLOW (close to the river, but well above flood level).—To be SOLD, this attractive RESIDENCE, in a choice position, comprising: large drawing & dining rooms, 4 bedrooms, bath, garden, with tennis lawn. Price, £1,050. Would be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished. (11,551)

406, OXFORD STREET (Entrance 48, Duke Street), LONDON, W.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

AUCTIONS of **ESTATES** and **RESIDENCES** conducted monthly at the Mart, London, E.C.

VALUATIONS AND SALES of Furniture, Pictures, Farming Stock, Timber, etc.—Auction Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

A.D. 1220. WITHIN 40 MILES OF TOWN.

UNFURNISHED OR SOLD, the above unique and strikingly handsome RESIDENCE, possessing historical associations, dating from the thirteenth century, and retaining unspoiled all its original charms and characteristics, although a large sum was recently expended in thoroughly modernising the interior. In the heavily-timbered and beautiful old grounds is an interesting massive quadrangular and embattled ruin of a Tudor gateway. The House is perfectly secluded, and contains: 2 sitting halls, 3 reception and billiard rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath; gas and water; stabling, motor-house, cottage; lawns, ornamental lakes, kitchen garden, and 11 acres of grass.—Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

L. & S.W. RAILWAY. HALF-HOUR FROM TOWN.

URGENT SALE. Unfurnished, an exceptionally well-built and attractive RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds, with river frontage: 4 spacious reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete domestic offices; electric light, stabling for 2, coach-house, and rooms for man; tastefully laid-out grounds, tennis lawn, shrubberies, etc. Rent, £150 per annum. Price, £4,000 (open to offer).—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. LOVELY VIEWS.

SURREY.—For SALE (45 minutes from town, and 15 minutes from station), a charming RESIDENCE, in private road, with grand views over golf course and the surrounding country; 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bedrooms, 2 baths, servants' hall; beautifully fitted and decorated; well laid-out grounds of 4 acres.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., and Oxted, Surrey. Personally inspected.

ON THE MAIN L. AND N.W. RAILWAY. AMIDST RURAL SURROUNDINGS, YET ONLY 38 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

LOW RENT TO IMMEDIATE TENANT.

KING'S LANGLEY (in this favourite district, only ½ mile from the station).—Furnished or Unfurnished, the above desirable RESIDENCE, with 4 spacious reception, 13 bed and dressing rooms; stabling of 3 stalls, coach-house, harness room, etc.; farmery, affording additional stabling, also standing for 4 cows, and other outbuildings, charming grounds, with flower and kitchen gardens, 2 tennis lawns, orchard, etc., together with paddock.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, Estate Agents, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

DANGER OF FIRE. COUNTRY RESIDENCES.

HAMPTON and SONS,

EXPERT VALUERS, 2 and 3, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

It is not generally known that in the unfortunate event of a serious fire, a tabulated Inventory and Valuation of every item destroyed is always required by the Insurance Companies.

HAMPTON and SONS have valued the furniture, works of art, and general contents of many of the finest Homes in England and Scotland for Fire Insurance purposes, and have almost invariably found their clients under-insured to an alarming extent.

HAMPTON and SONS have a staff of experts prepared to make these valuations at specially moderate fees, and strongly recommend owners of valuable furniture, china, pictures, plate, etc., to at once take this very necessary precaution, which has already been the means of saving many thousands of pounds.

BASINGSTOKE.—To be LET, well and fully Furnished, the above attractive old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in excellent order, with all conveniences. It stands in a good position in a park of 50 acres, and contains: large hall, 5 good reception rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and 17 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 5 or more horses; very handsomely-timbered grounds, with undulating lawns, shrubberies, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc.; near church, postal telegraph office, and village. The Residence is situate in a first-rate social district, where houses of this class are difficult to obtain. Good hunting and golf. Moderate rent to careful tenants: early possession.—Apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

SOUTH DEVON (high position near Sidmouth, with delightful views).—To be LET, Furnished, for the winter or longer, a Modern RESIDENCE in shady and retired grounds of 4 acres: 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, large hall, 4 reception rooms; 2 staircases; stabling for 4; tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden; a little rough shooting and ¾ of a mile of fishing, golf within 2 miles. Rent moderate.—Apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PICTURESQUE LEATHERHEAD DISTRICT.

40 MINUTES FROM CITY AND WEST END.

FURNISHED, at low rent, for the winter or longer, this charming old RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 5 acres in a lovely position: 3 reception, conservatory, boudoir, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, usual offices; stabling for 5, groom's rooms; tennis and croquet lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, vinery, meadow. Close to church, post, and village; station a mile, L.B. and S.C. and L. and S.W. Railways.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES and RESIDENCES and SPORTINGS for SALE, and to be LET, published in three parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

I. Landed Estates.
II. Unfurnished Houses for Sale or Letting.
III. Furnished Houses and Shootings.

Free Register of Town Houses.

FACING THE BEAUTIFUL RIDDLESDOWN HILLS.

GOLF LINKS 10 MINUTES' WALK.

SURREY.

IN AN ENVIABLE AND BRACING POSITION.

£130.—Unfurnished, or would be SOLD, also to be LET, Furnished, for the winter, at a low rent, the above attractive RESIDENCE, situate in lovely grounds of about an acre: 3 reception, billiard, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath; charming grounds, capitally laid out in lawns, flower gardens, excellent kitchen garden, glasshouse, etc.—Personally inspected and very strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., and Surrey Hills Estate Office, Oxted, Surrey.

WELL-WOODED GROUNDS (close to the sea, in the most bracing part of the coast of Kent).—To be LET, by the year, Furnished RESIDENCE, standing high and dry in grandly-timbered parklands, within a mile of sea and station: 4 reception, bath, and 12 bedrooms, servants' hall, and offices; stabling for 4: coachman's cottage and entrance lodge for gardener; perfect lawns for croquet and tennis; walled kitchen garden; golf course and yacht anchorage close by; rough shooting over nearly 1,000 acres and grassland can be rented extra if desired.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., who have photo.

HIGHEANDS OF SCOTLAND.

SOME OF THE FINEST FISHING IN SCOTLAND.

FOR SALE, OR WOULD BE LET FURNISHED, the above beautifully-placed RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds of 60 acres, running from the shore of Loch Ness to the Moor, 500ft. above sea level: 4 reception, billiard, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, excellent domestic offices; stabling for 5, coach-house, lodge, etc. The House is in perfect order, having recently been redecorated throughout. Exceptionally good fishing in Loch Ness. Moderate rent to careful tenant; low price will be accepted for immediate Sale.—Further details from HAMPTON and SONS, Estate Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. Branch Offices at WIMBLEDON and OXTED

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephone Nos. {1971 Kensington / 5151 Westminster

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

SURREY.—BOXHILL.—To be LET, Unfurnished, on Lease, a charming RESIDENCE, partly creeper-clad, in an ideal position, commanding extensive and exquisite views over the surrounding beautiful country. It is approached by a carriage drive with lodge entrance, and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices; stabling for 3 horses, and grooms' rooms. The grounds, which are about 4 acres in extent, are exceedingly beautiful; there are also 2 acres of pine woods adjoining.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (1,887)

AT A VERY LOW RENT.

Within 30 minutes of City and West End. 50 Acres. Billiard Room. Electric Light.

KENT.—To be LET, Unfurnished, on Lease, a magnificent old-fashioned FAMILY MANSION, part dating back to the Reformation, standing amid grandly-timbered park of some 50 acres, and most conveniently placed within a mile of railway station. It is approached by a beautiful avenue carriage drive, with lodge at entrance; entering under a portico, forming a lobby, is the fine entrance hall, ante-hall, and garden lobby, handsome drawing room, dining room, library, morning rooms, and billiard room; 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and excellent offices. Stabling for 5 horses, coach-houses, grooms' rooms, and extensive outbuildings and farm buildings. The pleasure grounds are exceedingly beautiful, and form a great feature of the property.—Further particulars and series of photos of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), who can confidently recommend same from a personal inspection. (U 2,498)

TOWN HOUSES

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected List of everything available for the winter will be sent on receipt of requirements.

CADOGAN ESTATE. NO PREMIUM.

£250 PER ANNUM.—Modern well-built TOWN HOUSE, to be LET, containing: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and ample domestic offices: electric light and every modern convenience. Would be Let for 3 years.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above

CONVENIENT POSITION FOR BOARDING HOUSE.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.—Well-arranged HOUSE, containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, capital studio, and complete domestic offices. Rent, only £105 per ann.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FLATS

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the Sole Agents for many of the principal blocks of FLATS in the Belgravia, Cadogan Estates, and other districts. Rents from £70 to £700 per annum; and also furnished from 3 gs. to 30 gs. per week. A carefully selected List of flats available for the winter will be sent on receipt of requirements.

EXCEPTIONALLY LIGHT AND AIRY.

SLOANE SQUARE.—Well-arranged Corner FLAT to be LET, Unfurnished, comprising: 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 good reception rooms, and full domestic offices. Rent, £210 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONE MINUTE FROM THE PARK.

EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-FURNISHED FLAT to be LET, with immediate possession, comprising: 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, and offices. Catering and attendance on the premises if desired.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SOMERSET (in the centre of the Blackmore Vale country).—To be LET, partially Furnished, a charming old English creeper-clad RESIDENCE, standing in lovely old grounds, and being within 1½ miles of a station, close to church and village, etc. The House contains: large hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, and excellent offices; excellent stabling for 16 horses, etc.; picturesque lodge and cottage. Hunting 6 days a week. The House is surrounded by a farm of 75 acres, with farmhouse, farm buildings, and 4 cottages, and the whole would be SOLD. Rent for House, grounds, stabling, lodge, and cottage, £120 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (2,527)

BERKS (Newbury).—To be SOLD, the above well-built, pleasantly and conveniently situated RESIDENCE, within 2 miles of two stations. It stands about 400ft. above the sea level, is on gravel soil, and contains: large halls, drawing room, dining room, servants' hall, 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and usual offices; stabling for 3 horses, and outbuildings. The grounds are about 8 acres in extent, are well wooded, and comprise well-stocked kitchen garden of 2 acres, tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, grass terraces and walks, orchard, etc. Hunting and golf. Price, £7,000.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,499)

£1,100 WILL BUY a pretty RESIDENCE at Sandhurst, Berks, containing: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, and offices. Stabling for 2 horses, and pretty grounds of about ½ acre.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,520)

Telegrams: "OWENISME London"

OWEN WALLIS & CO.

Telephone: 1655 Mayfair

17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.

WADHURST.—£2,000.—Charming old-fashioned FARM RESIDENCE, 400ft. above sea, and containing: 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, kitchen, etc.; stabling for 4 horses: 103 acres of land; garden and orchard; 2½ miles from three stations.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W. (C 1,352)

£45 PER ANN.—CRAWLEY DOWN.—Pretty, small RESIDENCE: 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms; stabling for 2; old-fashioned garden, in all 4 acres. (C 1,346)

CAPITAL RESIDENCE AND 20 ACRES.

SUSSEX (in beautiful country, 1½ hours from Town).—To be SOLD, at a very low price, modern HOUSE, with 20 acres of grass and woodland, containing: 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, and good domestic offices: water laid on, and all the latest fittings.—Further particulars and price from OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

DELIGHTFULLY MATURED GROUNDS.

ESHER AND OXSHOTT (neighbourhood of).—To be SOLD, the above FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, on high ground, 5 minutes from station. Containing: 8 bed, dressing, bath, and 3 reception rooms. Price, £1,850, with ½ acre, or £2,600 with 1¼ acres.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

PRICE ONLY £3,000.

SUSSEX and HANTS (in a most charming neighbourhood, a mile from the station, and about 1¼ hours from London).—To be SOLD, owing to exceptional circumstances, the charming RESIDENCE depicted above. It stands at a high elevation, and contains: 4 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices; ample stabling, and accommodation for man; 6 acres of beautifully laid-out grounds and meadow; ¼ mile from golf.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£1,800.—GUILDFORD and HORSHAM.—Old-fashioned HOUSE: 5 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, and large hall; garden, orchard, and meadow; in all nearly 3 acres. Numerous outbuildings. A large portion of the purchase-money can remain on mortgage. Photo.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£1,800.—Near PULBOROUGH.—30 acres and excellent RESIDENCE, forming a very attractive little PROPERTY. Splendid position, fine views, and conveniently near station; 7 bed and dressing rooms; stabling and farm buildings.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

70 ACRES. LOW PRICE.

NEWBURY.—**£3,000.**—A charming old-fashioned FARM RESIDENCE, on gravel soil, on very high ground, and containing: lovely old oak-panelling, 4 bedrooms, and 3 sitting rooms; about 70 acres of heavily-timbered land.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W. (B 1,317)

COUNTRY HOUSE AND 30 ACRES.

SUFFOLK.—£2,000 will be accepted for a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and bathrooms, large halls, and offices; stabling, buildings, 2 cottages, well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, and park-like land; high position.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

SANDHURST AND CAMBERLEY

£1,100.—In a fine open position, on the borders of Berks and Surrey, conveniently near station and in a good social neighbourhood. To be SOLD (might be LET), a first-rate RESIDENCE, standing well back from road, and containing: entrance hall, drawing, dining, and morning rooms, kitchen and offices, 7 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, etc. Capital pleasure and kitchen gardens, lawns, etc. Two-stall stable, coach-house with loft, and man's room.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

OWEN WALLIS & CO., 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

ILLUSTRATED PROPERTY REGISTER.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S next issue of their Register will be published, as usual, on the first of the New Year, and will be forwarded, post free, on receipt of three stamps.

THE BEST HOUSE IN GROSVENOR GARDENS.

REDECORATED THROUGHOUT REGARDLESS OF COST.

TO BE SOLD, a great bargain, the fine MANSION, known as 44, Grosvenor Gardens, situated on the preferable side, and in perfect order. It contains: 5 reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing rooms, two staircases, and unusually good offices; electric light and gas laid on; stabling for 5.—Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE.

HANTS.—£3,000 for a choice little COUNTRY PROPERTY, comprising the above partly creeper-clad House, containing: 4 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling for 3, farmery, 6 acres of grounds; Company's water; near church and station.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,770)

ONE HOUR OF TOWN.

SUSSEX (near church and village, 2 miles from a station).—To be SOLD, a COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in good order, facing south, and approached by a carriage drive: 6 bedrooms, 4 reception, etc.; stabling, 2 cottages and farmery, glasshouses; 6 acres of grounds; more land available. Price, £4,000.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,741)

AMONGST THE PINES.

35 MINUTES FROM LONDON. EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE.

TO BE SOLD, this Charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE of attractive design, standing on sandy soil, well removed from the road, with south aspect. Accommodation: fine entrance hall, drawing room (21ft. square), dining room (27ft. by 18ft.), library (21ft. by 18ft.), billiard room (30ft. by 20ft.), 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; electric light and every modern comfort. Inexpensive grounds of over 2 acres. Conservatory. Golf links near. Price, £5,750.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,742)

ILLUSTRATED PROPERTY REGISTER.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S next issue of their Register will be published, as usual, on the first of the New Year, and will be forwarded, post free, on receipt of three stamps.

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

THE ATTENTION OF EXECUTORS, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners, who may be desirous of selling Family Jewels, Old Silver, Paintings, Drawings, Engravings and Prints, Miniatures, China, Bronzes, Coins, Medals, Libraries, Autographs, Sculpture, Old Lace, Furs, Pianofortes, Musical and Scientific Instruments, Guns, Furniture, and other valuables, is drawn to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY'S

THREE AUCTION GALLERIES,

which are open daily to receive property intended for early public disposal.

SALES ON OWNERS PREMISES

are held in all parts of the Kingdom, of Contents of Residences, Farming Stock, etc., as required.

VALUATIONS UNDER THE FINANCE ACT, 1894, for Partnership, Division, and all other purposes are prepared at short notice.

EXCEPTIONAL INVESTMENT.

CHARMING AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE on the Chiltern Hills, in a very bracing and healthy situation, and within easy reach of Henley and Reading, consisting of about 700 acres of Freehold land, nicely wooded, and with picturesque old homestead, abutting on good roads and affording excellent shooting. Close to golf links and some of the prettiest spots on the river; southern aspect; gravel and chalk soil. To be SOLD as a whole, or in portions, at a very reasonable price.—Messrs KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,733)

CENTRE OF AN EXCELLENT HUNTING DISTRICT. NEAR GOLF LINKS.

WARWICKSHIRE.—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished, the above attractive RESIDENCE, within 1½ miles from a fashionable town: oak-panelled hall furnished as lounge, 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom: stabling for 3; pleasure grounds, orchard, kitchen garden, and paddock, in all 5½ acres.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,769)

BETWEEN NEWCASTLE AND LEEDS.

PERFECT ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, WITH OVER 2,000 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, one of the most attractive RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATES in the North. The property is in good order throughout. The House is modern Elizabethan, and contains: oak-panelled hall, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 20 bedrooms, several bathrooms, and every imaginable convenience, including electric light and hot-water heating. First-rate hunting, good shooting.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have just been over this estate, and are able to recommend the property with confidence. Offices, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

ILLUSTRATED PROPERTY REGISTER.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S next issue of their Register will be published, as usual, on the first of the New Year, and will be forwarded, post free, on receipt of three stamps.

SMALL HOUSE, WITH LARGE ROOMS AND OLD GARDEN. INSIDE THE FOUR-MILE CAB RADIUS.

TO BE SOLD, Detached HOUSE on Tulse Hill, with drawing and dining rooms, each about 23ft. by 14ft., morning room, principal bedroom (23ft. by 14ft.), 6 smaller bedrooms, bathroom. Excellent light offices. Secluded garden about 200ft. long, abutting on to Brockwell Park, and within 12 minutes' walk of three stations. Electric light and bells. Hot and cold water. Lease, 36 years. Low Ground Rent. Price, £1,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,220)

HALF-HOUR NORTH OF LONDON (MAIN LINE). EARLY ELIZABETHAN HOUSE IN PERFECT ORDER.

TO BE SOLD.—The above delightful RESIDENCE, upon which the owner has spent many thousands and is prepared to lose, although the position of the house, with its picturesque character and old oak panelling, shows judicious expenditure: 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms; stabling.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as above. (2,668)

UNDER £10 PER ACRE.—Important MANORIAL and AGRICULTURAL ESTATE of several thousand acres for disposal, the whole in perfect order, and producing about £4,000 per annum. The property includes well-known villages and valuable advowsons.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below.

LANDED ESTATE. A GOOD INVESTMENT.

TO BE SOLD, a good SPORTING ESTATE, with some of the best agricultural land in this country. The House is an old one of character, with electric light installed (27 bedrooms); there is stabling for 16; park of 360 acres; some of the best farms in England, all let; first-rate partridge shooting, 4,000 pheasants shot last year. The property lies in a ring fence, and is within 1½ hours of London, on a main line, in a favourite district.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, London.

COUNTRY HOUSE IN EAST SUSSEX.

HEATHFIELD DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, the above charming RESIDENCE, 5 minutes' walk from a village, and within about 1½ hours of London. The House, which stands 450ft. above sea level, commands fine views, and contains: 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing and bathrooms, heated with hot water, gas laid on, main drainage. Excellent stabling, including 5 loose boxes; tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc., 1 acre in all; hunting. Shooting can usually be rented. Price, 3,000 guineas.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (730)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephone No. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

REMARKABLY cheap little ESTATE of 52 acres. Price, £2,500 only; gentleman's HOUSE: 10 bedrooms, 3 reception, square hall; stabling, charming gardens, and very useful land; 1½ miles from station; 400ft. above sea; grand views of Mendip Hills.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,851)

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE (between).

THE ABOVE CHARMING HOUSE delightfully positioned on high ground in beautiful part of Sussex, for SALE with 17 acres of lovely grounds, stabling, cottage, and entrance lodge. Magnificent views extending to the Channel. Price, £5,500. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,061)

BUCKS.—£1,500 (or close offer) will BUY a capital old-fashioned HOUSE and 5 acres of delightful old grounds; kitchen garden, orchard, and paddock; 8 bed and dressing, 3 sitting rooms; stabling for 3; high situation, grand views; near station, 3 miles from Bletchley.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,980)

PRICE, £2,800. — To be SOLD, a very attractive PLEASURE FARM, comprising a substantial RESIDENCE, with lawn and good gardens, outbuildings, and nearly 30 acres of prettily-timbered grass land, divided into 5 meadows. The House contains: 4 good-sized bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, conservatory and good offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (17,973)

£5,000 WILL PURCHASE a charming little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 45 acres, situated in a first-rate sporting district on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk. Modern residence standing high in a park, and meadows adjoining, with river frontage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (16,208)

BETWEEN SEVENOAKS AND MAIDSTONE.—For SALE, attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY of nearly 25 acres, with a well-built Residence, containing: 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing, and 2 bathrooms; detached laundry, stabling, outbuildings, and 2 cottages. Company's water. The House would be LET, Unfurnished. — Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,120)

BLACKMORE VALE (between Templecombe and Blandford).—£2,400 for a capital BIJOU HOUSE and 3½ acres in this favourite district, near a station. Stabling, farmery, good gardens and orchard. High situation, fine views.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,258)

MAIDSTONE (near).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and 28 acres, ½ mile from a station, 450ft. above sea; long carriage drive; stabling; charming but inexpensive grounds; park-like meadows; 14 bed and dressing, 2 baths, 4 reception. Water laid on; acetylene gas.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,797)

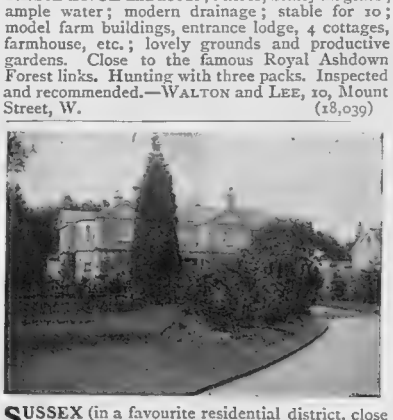
SURREY HILLS (between Oxted and Westerham, 700 ft. above sea).—£3,000 only for the above capital BIJOU HOUSE and 10 acres of finely-timbered grounds. Stabling for 2 horses, farmery, carriage drive; 3 miles from station. Can be had with less land.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,954)

SOUND LANDED INVESTMENT in Norfok (easy reach of good market town and station). —Compact AGRICULTURAL ESTATE of about 1,350 acres for SALE, affording first-class partridge shooting. It is intersected by good road, is all in good heart and condition; and has been worked as one farm for many years by a well-known breeder of cattle. There are 3 homesteads. Advowson included in the sale.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,335)

EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-PLACED RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, WITHIN TWO HOURS OF TOWN.

IN THE PRETTIEST PART OF SUSSEX (2½ miles from a station, and 1 mile from church and post office).—To be SOLD, a substantial FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing 400 ft. above sea level, in grounds of about 6 acres, well sheltered by woods (more land up to 30 acres if required). It is approached by a carriage drive, with roomy lodge at entrance, and contains: 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, lavatory and cloak room, 3 good reception rooms, hall, and excellent offices; stabling for 3 horses, with dwelling rooms over; good society.—Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (16,934)

ASHDOWN FOREST; magnificent panoramic views; near station, one hour and a quarter from London.—To be SOLD, the above charming RESIDENCE and about 70 acres, nearly all grass; ample water; modern drainage; stable for 10; model farm buildings, entrance lodge, 4 cottages, farmhouse, etc.; lovely grounds and productive gardens. Close to the famous Royal Ashdown Forest links. Hunting with three packs. Inspected and recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,039)



SUSSEX (in a favourite residential district, close to station, church, etc., about 1 hour from London).—The above delightful RESIDENCE, recently modernised and in splendid order throughout, to be SOLD, together with over 50 acres; stands on high ground, ample stabling, small farmery, etc.; gas and water installed; modern scientific drainage; inexpensive but delightful grounds; grass land well timbered; golf links close by; good hunting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

£3,000.—25 minutes from London, in a favourite Southern district.—For SALE, a choice little FREEHOLD PROPERTY, 1 mile from station, with express trains to town. The Residence, which commands extensive views, is approached by carriage drive, and contains: 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, and offices; charming pleasure grounds; gardener's cottage.—Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (13,396)

HUNTING WITH DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S and other Hounds, and within a drive of Cirencester, with its polo club.—To be SOLD, at a reduced price, a very desirable RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, extending to upwards of 200 acres, and including a modern Residence, standing high, and containing: 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, and offices: first-class stabling for several horses, farmhouse, and buildings; lovely grounds, with lake. This forms a very charming pleasure farm, and affords excellent shooting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,089)

SUSSEX (near the coast). — Charming little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 25 acres. To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, standing 500 ft. above sea level, and commanding superb marine and inland views; 3 reception and 12 bedrooms; stabling; attractive garden and well-timbered pasture lands; near golf and towns. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,065)

SURREY (in a very lovely and favourite district near East Grinstead). — A charming little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY to be SOLD. The Residence (see view above), standing in remarkably pretty grounds, gardens, orchards, etc., is approached by a carriage drive, with lodge at entrance. Contains: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms (one suited as billiard room), bathroom, and good domestic offices; stabling for 6, coach-houses, man's rooms, etc. Low price to ensure early sale.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,832)

SURREY (Camberley). — To be SOLD, a singularly attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, extending to about 4 acres, and comprising well-built house, containing: hall, 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, and offices; stabling, coachman's rooms, and convenient outbuildings; beautifully sheltered grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, fruit and kitchen gardens; gardener's cottage, paddock. — Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,013)

MARKET HARBOROUGH AND KETTERING (between), in the cream of the Pytchley country. Price, £2,200 for an unusually attractive old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE: 8 bed, 3 reception rooms; well-matured pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens; stabling for 6; in all over 9 acres. Near church and village, 3½ miles from station.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,567)

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.—For SALE, the Lease of an unusually pretty little COTTAGE RESIDENCE (in first-rate order), fitted with modern conveniences, including electric light and telephone; lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, study, 4 bedrooms, bath and usual offices; near station, church, and telegraph. Recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,727)

BANBURY (near).—To be SOLD, a valuable, exceptionally compact, and desirable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, extending to about 360 acres, including the above substantial stone-built Residence, standing high and dry amidst lovely old-world grounds, gardens, and fine pasture and arable lands, comprising some of the best land in the Midlands, the whole, owing to recent large outlays, being in first-class order and condition throughout, and eminently suitable as a stud farm or racing establishment. The Residence contains: hall, 3 reception, billiard, and about 20 bed and dressing rooms; superior stabling for 17 horses, 2 coach-houses, groom's rooms, coachman's cottage; also most complete stud farm premises, farmhouse, buildings, and several other cottages; first-rate situation for hunting with the Bicester, Heythrop, Warwickshire, and Grafton Hounds. Personally inspected and highly recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,467)

THE

CARLTON,

PALL MALL,

The Leading and Most Fashionable Hotel and Restaurant in London.

LONDON, S.W.

Telephone: 1598 Gerrard.

BERKELEY RESTAURANT

PICCADILLY, W.

Celebrated for 20 YEARS for its Unrivalled

DÎNER DU JOUR at 10/6.

A DÎNER DU THÉÂTRE at 7/6

is now also served.

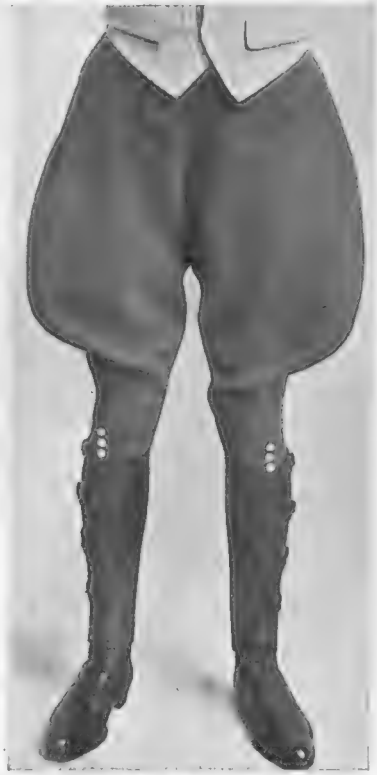
DÉJEUNER at 5/- also service à la carte.

NO CHARGE FOR COUVERT.

Telephone: 4323 GERRARD.
Telegrams: SYBARITE, LONDON.

J. Dege & Sons,

Military and Sporting Tailors and BREECHES MAKERS.



MESSRS. J. DEGE and SONS beg to draw attention to their Seamless Knee Grip Breeches, which are by far the most comfortable at present in use. Their invention does not only reduce the chafing of the knee-bone to a minimum, but clears away all the superfluous length at back of knee, which is so objectionable in ordinary cut breeches.

Also to a new

STOCKINETTE CLOTH

suitable for

GOLFING, FISHING, and SHOOTING COATS.

These Cloths, being Elastic, give greater freedom to the wearer than the ordinary Tweeds, and are quite as durable.

Telegraphic Address: "HARKFORWARD LONDON."

Telephone 6440 Gerrard.

13, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management (48 pages) Free.

MOTHER AND CHILD. *Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the "Allenburys" Foods.*

The "Allenburys" Foods give Strength and Stamina, and supply all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. They promote perfect health, and give freedom from digestive troubles and the disorders common to children fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cow's milk.

Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Plough Court, Lombard Street, London.

OXFORD ST.

PETER ROBINSON'S WINTER SALE

COMMENCES

MONDAY, JANUARY 2nd.

MOST LIBERAL REDUCTIONS.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

REGENT ST.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

The SAVOY EDITION **OPERAS** VOCAL SCORE

THIRTEEN OPERAS
TWELVE VOLUMES
COMPLETE EDITION
UNIFORMLY BOUND
CRIMSON CLOTH
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

This superb edition, strongly bound in crimson cloth (gilt edges, gold lettering) is in every respect an advance on anything of the kind hitherto attempted. The Twelve Volumes together form the most attractive set of musical works in existence, and may be obtained at once for a cash payment of **£3 : 15 : 0**

By means of the instalment system **a single payment of 7 . 6d.** will secure the delivery of the Twelve Volumes, the further instalments being 5s. on receipt of the Books, and nine monthly payments of 7s. 0d. each.

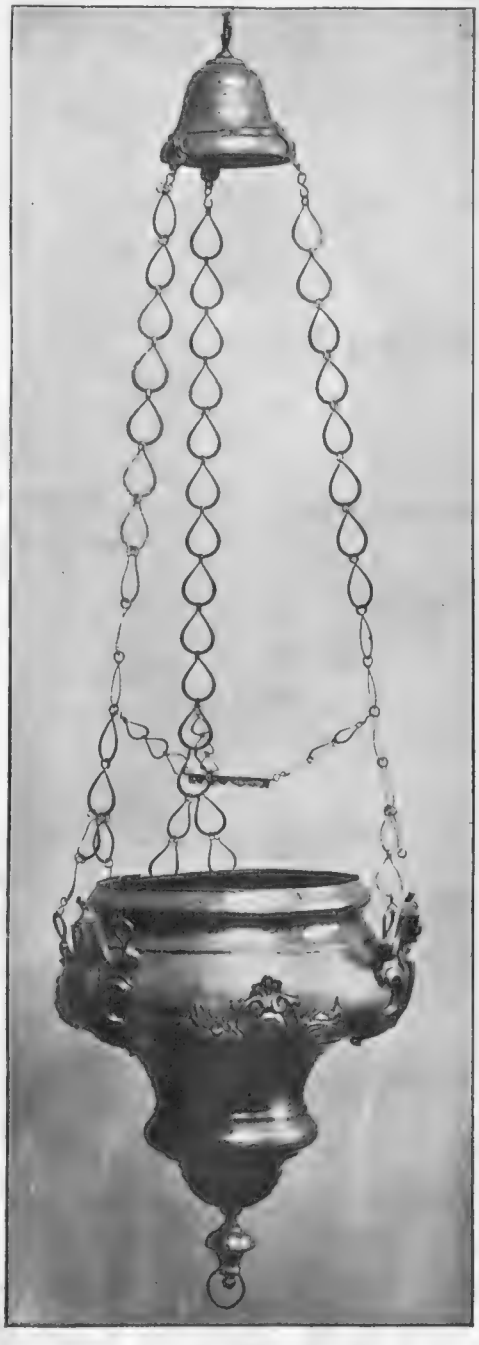
Carriage paid in the United Kingdom. Prospectus post on application

ALSTON RIVERS,

FITZALAN HOUSE (Dept. B), ARUNDEL ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE CONNOISSEUR: SHEFFIELD PLATE

During the middle of the nineteenth century, many of the charming applied arts that flourished in England in the eighteenth century died of an overdose of machinery. Among them that particular manufacture known as Sheffield Plate became a lost art. For many years, when the value of silver was high, this plate was destroyed for the silver used in it, and a large quantity of the most valuable and earliest pieces have passed for ever from our midst in this fashion. But within the last fifteen years, Sheffield plate has once more come into vogue, and gradually, with the aid of American buyers, grown into a positive rage. So much so is this the case, that at the present time the prices of genuine and early pieces rise every year, and a multitude of copies of English Sheffield are prepared for our delectation by the ingenious Continental manufacturers. But collectors of Sheffield plate are a fairly wide-awake race, and are generally able, if they have a real interest in their subject, to "spot" the imitation or the old piece that has been worn out and then electro-plated. In the selection of this ware, the great matters are the form, and design, and the condition. In our view, a piece of the plate that is badly worn has lost its interest. The resources of our generation are insufficient to make old "Sheffield" as good as new, although the attempt is essayed every day. To understand the impossibility of renewing the youth of this manufacture, something should be known of the way in which it was originally produced. From the earliest times metals of lesser value have been plated with gold or silver; but in every case, save that of Sheffield plate, this has been done—as is now done with electro-plate—after the object had been produced. About the year 1742, Bolsover experimented in uniting silver and copper. His results were followed by Joseph Hancock, who carried his secret to Sheffield. The process by which this Sheffield plate was produced has been described by many, but never more clearly than by Mr. Horace Townsend, who has said in effect—upon an ingot of copper slightly alloyed with brass was placed a plate of silver of the same superficial area, but much thinner. These two pieces of metal, when bound together with wire, were placed in a furnace and became so hot that the silver plate was just on the point of fusion; the mass of metal was then withdrawn, and it was seen that the silver and copper were joined together so absolutely that man could not put them asunder. But the more important point is, that this thick ingot of silver and copper could be placed between the rollers of a mill and reduced to any degree of fineness, and yet the relative proportions of silver to copper would always be preserved in the rolled plate.



A hall lamp of Sheffield plate

The first examples of Sheffield plate are the simplest, and we think the most interesting. One reason was, that undecorated surfaces and beauty of form were then in vogue, in 1750; and another, and, technically, more important reason, is to be found in the fact that the first examples were made from the plain plates covered on *one* side with silver, thus supplying a material from which elaborate designs could not well be produced. But as the Georgian period advanced, and silver-ware became greatly ornamented, the copper sheets were coated on both sides with silver, and the florid raised ornaments were reproduced by preparing an extremely thin piece of silver cut by means of a die to the necessary design. This thin silver was then filled with an alloy of lead and tin, and soldered on to the article in the course of manufacture.

The manufacture of Sheffield plate grew with great rapidity in the middle of the eighteenth century; the process was quickly perfected, but its reign was only of about one hundred years. Close to the year of the great Exhibition is the date of the death of most of the old English applied arts, and Sheffield

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LD. BELFAST

And 156 to 170, Regent Street, London, W.

Appointments to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

"A firm of world-wide fame."—*The Queen.*

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

"Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Sylvia's Journal.*

Children's - 1/3 per doz.
Ladies' - - 2/3 ,,
Gentlemen's - 3/3 ,,

HEMSTITCHED.

Ladies' - - 2/9 per doz.
Gentlemen's - 3/11 ,,

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame." *The Queen.*

Damask Table and House Linens, Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, & Ladies' Underclothing at Makers Prices.

N.B.—To prevent delay all Letter Orders and Enquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

MELANYL MARKING INK

THE ORIGINAL IN ONE BOTTLE

Requiring no Heat. Has been tested for 25 years and proved its superiority. Guaranteed absolutely indelible and harmless.

6d., Is., and 2s. 6d. Bottles.

Of all Stationers and Chemists.

A Nickel Linen Stretcher is now given away with each Is. bottle.

INVENTORS AND MAKERS—

COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, Ltd.,

ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

Approved by the Medical Profession for over 60 Years : s the best remedy for

ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION,

And the safest Aperient for

DELICATE CONSTITUTIONS, LADIES, CHILDREN, AND INFANTS.

Begin the New Year well, smoke

"LUNTIN" MIXTURE

Quality is Perfect. Price is Moderate. Buy it and Try it.

Sold in 2oz. packets **1/-**, and ½lb. tins **2/-**
Sample packet, **7d.** (post free) from Sole Manufacturers,
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, Edinburgh,
or FOYLE & SONS, 37, Hounsditch, London, E.C.
Send for booklet, "Why 'Luntin'?" It's free.

PARIS SHOW.

Michelin Tyres

ARE FITTED EXCLUSIVE OF ALL OTHERS TO THE 246 CARS EXHIBITED BY 68 FRENCH AND FOREIGN MANUFACTURERS.

PANHARD LEVASSOR	RENAULT	MORS	RICHARD BRAZIER
DARRACQ ET CIE	DIETRICH	CHARRON GIRARDOT VOIGT	HOTCHKISS
HOZIER	WESTINGHOUSE	DELAHAYE	MARTINI
GERMAIN	COBRON-BRILLIE	DECAUVILLE	KRIEGER
FIAT	ISOTTA FRASCHINI	SERPOLLET	ARIES
WERNER	ROCHET	FAHRZEUGFABRIK EISENACH	CORRE etc., etc.

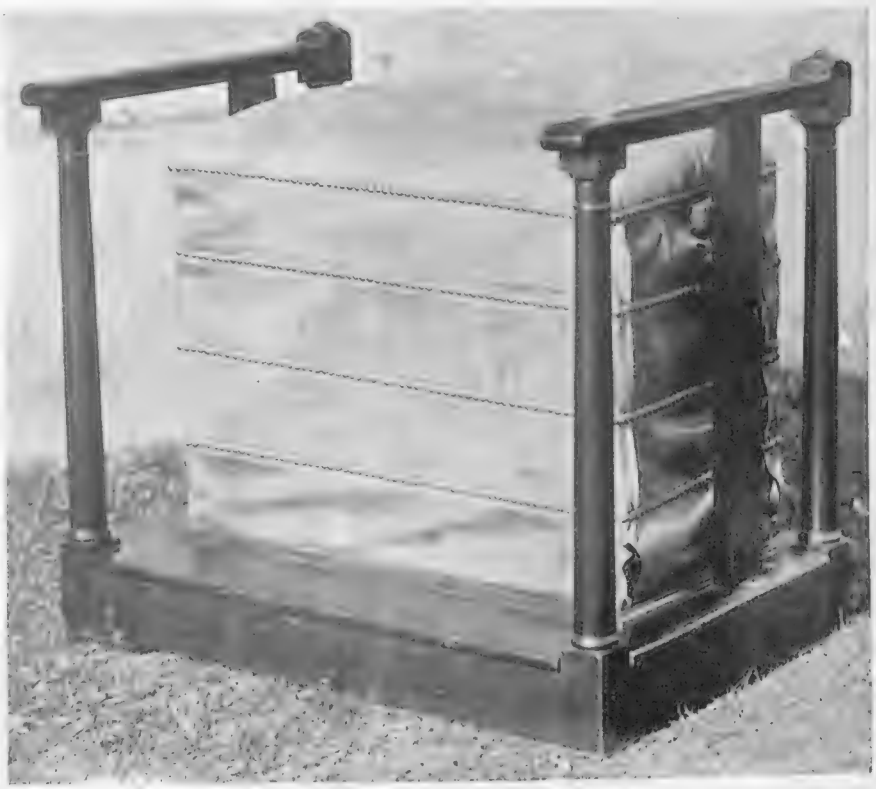
Temporary Depôt: 49-50, Sussex Place, South Kensington, London.

A group of Sheffield-plated ware, showing many developments of the art

plate hardly survived 1850. But during its century of life many thousands of beautiful objects were produced, and although a vast quantity of these have been lost, the collector is now busy bringing together sufficient examples for an almost complete reconstruction of the old art. Such a group as that in our first illustration, from Mr. Redman's book on the subject, shows many periods or developments of this ware, from the early simplicity of the basket on the left to the late Georgian covered dish on the right, or the "Adam" candlestick above it, further on the right. The hall-lamp is an uncommonly interesting specimen of the ware; indeed, one of the chief charms to the collector of Sheffield is the vast number of domestic uses to which this admirable invention has been adapted. E. M.

A Curious Old Exercising Chair

This curious old exercising chair has been in one family for more than a century and a half. The style of seat, with slight variations in the arrangement of springs, has been in use for many generations, and was not infrequently used by sportsmen whose weight made it difficult for them to obtain horse exercise. In our day, there have been seats something on the same lines in fairly general use, but the photograph here given is probably of one of the earliest of this class of invention, which combined a sedentary attitude with an active result.



A curious old exercising chair

ALWAYS A WELCOME GIFT

THE INDISPENSABLE REFERENCE BOOK OF SOCIETY

The Standard Peerage Volume. Published in Three Centuries

8,230 pages closely packed with names, dates, facts, and addresses, and other condensed biographical details, &c., presented for ready reference. Most accurate, full, and up-to-date information regarding all living Titled Persons, and the Members of the Collateral Branches of all Peers and Baronets.

DEBRETT'S

1905 EDITION

PEERAGE (with Index to Courtesy Titles)
BARONETAGE (with Index)
KNIGHTAGE and
COMPANIONAGE

Illustrated with many new and artistic illustrations of Coats of Arms, &c.

Also an Appendix of Royal Warrant Holders. Cloth gilt, **31s. 6d.** net; or in 2 vols., **16s. 6d.** net each; limp morocco (thin paper of weight and thickness of Royal Edition), **50s.** net.

DEBRETT'S WAISTCOAT POCKET DIARY

The Handiest Diary for the Pocket

Scarlet paste grain, gilt edges, **1s.**

3/6 nett — THE WITTIEST BOOK OF THE YEAR — nett **3/6**

THE FOOLISH DICTIONARY. By Gideon Wurdz

An interesting work of reference to uncertain English words, their origin, meaning, legitimate and illegitimate use, confused by a few pictures by WALLACE GOLDSMITH. *Specimen Pages Post Free.*

Ask for Dean's Rag and other Toy Books

DEAN & SON, LIMITED, 160a, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

1905
DOGGIE
WALL ALMANAC

Portraits on Art Paper of Typical Specimens of

Collie
(With Ambulance Equipment for Succouring Wounded Soldiers)

Bulldog

Foxhound
("Warwickshire Traveller")

Pekinese Spaniel

ALSO

Cockatoo

Parakeet

Wyandotte
(Silver-Laced)

Pheasants
("Mongolian" & "Trogapan")
The New Varieties recommended by Sporting Authorities for crossing with the Home Stock.

AT THE BACK OF EACH PICTURE IS VALUABLE TECHNICAL INFORMATION

POST FREE to Early Applicants at Home or Abroad.

ADDRESS POSTCARD:

ALMANAC DEPT.

SPRATT'S PATENT, Ltd.,
24 & 25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Anglers' Christmas Annual

The Christmas Number of the *Fishing Gazette*, edited by Mr. R. B. Marston, is to hand, and contains many things that will give pleasure to our angling readers. "Christmas on the Thames" and "Sea Trout Fishing in Mull," the latter illustrated with photographs of some pretty trout pools on the River Lussa, are both interesting; but the feature of the number, so far as a mere bookman-angler is concerned, is the illustrated article on Izaak Walton's connection with Droxford, Hampshire. But those interested must get it for themselves. Such photographs as appear in connection with this article interest others than fishermen. The price for this, and the many other items which go to make up this good old annual, is twopence.

Diaries

"When seen make a note of," was the valuable precept tendered to posterity by Captain Cuttle. This is very good advice, but in order to be able to make use of it to the best advantage, it is necessary to be provided with a serviceable diary or memorandum-book, which will not prove worse than useless after a week or two's wear by the binding coming off and the pages dropping out. An excellent series of diaries and pocket-books is Letts's Series, published by Messrs. Cassell, of which we have received a selection. For everyday pocket-use, "Diary No. 25" (price 2*s.*) particularly commends itself to our fancy, though it is only one of many excellent little books for this purpose. For desk use, the "Office Diary (No. 9)," is especially suited, and being strongly bound in cloth it wears well, and can be kept for years, if needed for reference. Somewhat of a novelty in the diary line is the "Daily Health Diary," compiled by Eustace Miles, M.A., which gives, among a great quantity of information, health exercises for every week of the year. It should be well received by athletes and those interested in physical training. We have also received from Messrs. Walker some samples of their diaries for 1905. These diaries are arranged most excellently, and contain a mass of useful information. It is often said that a diary is worth its weight in gold, because it tempts the purchaser to record his doings and his expenditure, and engenders a habit of thrift and carefulness, which is the beginning to building up a fortune. We can honestly say that the diaries of both Messrs. Letts and Messrs. Walker are most daintily got up, and should find a place in the pocket of every man and woman.

Christmas at the Italian Circus

Christmas is here, and gigantic preparations have been made at The Royal Italian Circus, Argyle Street, W., adjoining Oxford Circus Tube, to provide an attractive programme for the festive season. One of the incidents is a steeplechase, in which dogs, monkeys, ponies, and goats take part, and the performing animals, upwards of two hundred in number, including the famous Malay bear, Madame Batavia, are daily rehearsing new sketches and scenes. Another feature of the entertainment is the splendid set of Bioscope pictures, which represent scenes of Indian life and, perhaps, the happiest period of slum children's life when they, along with their parents, go hopping in Kent.

Mr. Punch's Diary

Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co. (proprietors of *Punch*) will publish early in January, at the price of one shilling, "Mr. Punch's Diary," being a comic summary of the events of the year 1904, consisting of a selection of Mr. Walter Emanuel's "Charivaria," illustrated by *Punch* cartoons by Mr. Linley Sambourne and Mr. Bernard Partridge.

"The House Annual"

We have received from Messrs. Gale and Polden a copy of "The House Annual" for 1904. This admirable collection of stories and articles is sold at five shillings, and the proceeds are devoted to the "*Referee* Children's Dinner Fund." The editor of the "Annual" is Mr. W. A. Morgan, of the Stock Exchange, and his literary contributors, all of whose work has been supplied gratuitously, include F. T. Bullen, Andrew Lang, Barry Pain, and Jerome K. Jerome, while the artistic contents of the paper are supplied by Tom Browne, "F.C.G.," Dudley Hardy, and many other well-known men. Anyone purchasing this "Annual" will not only be the possessors of a good five shillingsworth of literary and artistic matter, but will also have the satisfaction of knowing that they are helping along a good cause.

King Edward's Hospital Fund

We have received a report of the meeting of the General Council of King Edward's Hospital Fund, which was held recently at Marlborough House, the Prince of Wales in the chair. His Royal Highness, in the course of a very interesting speech, regretted that although the demands upon this fund are continually growing, which is a testimony to its immense usefulness, yet the list of subscribers is not increasing to the extent he could wish.

MR. AITCHISON'S

"Hints on Eyesight."

Hint No. 21: "Malformation of the Eye."

The eyes of practically every child that is born are hypermetropic, *i.e.*, too short from front to back, and Nature in most instances corrects this by allowing the eye to grow longer until it attains the proper dimensions, compensating in the meantime by giving greater power of accommodation to the crystalline lens than is possessed in after life. Short sight is almost entirely due to the length of the eye becoming too great or overgrowing—the image of objects falling short of the retina; consequently it is very seldom found in young children, being mostly due to the close study and narrow surroundings due to ordinary city life, and has been described as one of the penalties of civilisation.

'EYESIGHT PRESERVED.'

A PAMPHLET.

New Illustrated Edition Post Free.

Aitchison's System of Sight Testing ensures the most perfect correction of defects of vision.

AITCHISON & CO., Opticians to H.M. Government, 428, Strand, 47, Fleet Street, 6, Poultry, 14, Newgate Street, 46, Fenchurch Street, 281, Oxford Street, LONDON.

MANSIONS DE LUXE, magnificently situated in ideally healthy position, with lovely outlook on the celebrated Hove lawns and English Channel. These mansions are the most palatial ever built, each containing about 20 rooms. Oak-panelled dining hall. Indo-Persian drawing room, panelled library, with bookcases, electric lifts, American heating, hydropathic bathroom with sitz, Turkish baths, etc., designed to promote physical health, and provide the "last word" in comfort. Pronounced by eminent medical authorities to be 20 years in advance of the time. Low price, viz., £6,000, Freehold. Illustrated particulars free. View at any time.—The Foreman, THE LAWNS, King's Road, HOVE.

FAULKNER & SON

(With which is incorporated Messrs.
F. & E. BARKER, formerly of Old Cavendish St., W.)

RIDING & WALKING BOOTMAKERS,
52, South Molton St.,
Bond Street, W.

Messrs. FAULKNER & SON'S BOOTS are made by hand by workmen of exceptional skill and from the choicest materials obtainable.

LEGGINGS.—Messrs. FAULKNER & SON are now showing the smartest and neatest Legging yet introduced.

Price Lists and Instructions for Self-measurement on Application.

A GENTLEMAN used to advising on the FURNISHING and DECORATION of TOWN and COUNTRY HOUSES (Speciality: Old English Styles), and possessing a thorough knowledge of Old Furniture, is able to UNDERTAKE one or two fresh COMMISSIONS of a like nature. He claims to be able to save his clients time, trouble, and money.—Full particulars and testimonials on application to Box L, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

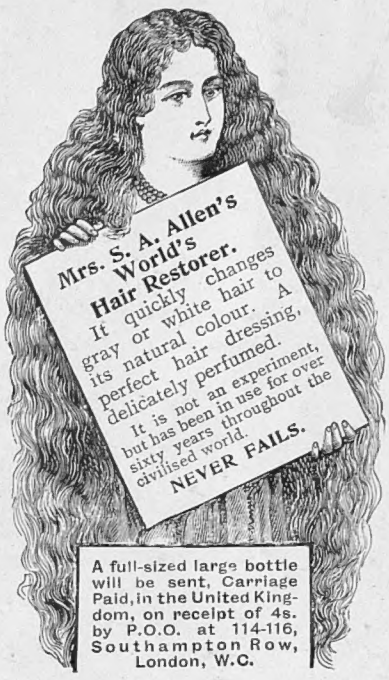
BORD'S PIANOS. 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH, or 14s. 6d. per month (second-hand 10s. 6d. per month), on the THREE YEARS HIRE System. Pianos Exchanged. Lists free of C. STILES and CO., 74 & 76, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS. CHARLES STILES and CO. offer these magnificent PIANOS on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM, at most advantageous prices and terms.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS. Apply to 74 & 76, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Goddard's Plate Powder

For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c
Sold everywhere 1/- 2/6 & 4/6



A full-sized large bottle will be sent, Carriage Paid, in the United Kingdom, on receipt of 4s. by P.O.O. at 114-116, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

To ASTHMA Sufferers

Immediate Relief in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, & Whooping Cough is gained by the use of

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Sold by all Chemists & Herbalists in Tins at 1s. each. Free sample sent on receipt of Post-card to POTTER and CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. *Mention this Paper*

THE CHARING CROSS BANK Established 1870. 119 & 120, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHIN, E.C., & 28, BEDFORD ST., CHARING CROSS, London.
Assets, £597,790. Liabilities, £285,680. Surplus, £312,110.
Loans of £30 to £2,000 granted on any class of security.
2½ per cent. allowed on Current account balances.
DEPOSITS of £10 and upwards received as under.
Subject to 3 months' Notice of Withdrawal, 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 " "
" 12 " " " 7 " "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Terminable Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 p.c., and are a safe investment. Write or call for Prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS, H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Current Accounts. 2% Interest allowed on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
Deposits. 2½ % Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts.
Advances made. **Stocks and Shares** bought and sold.
Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary, Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

APOLLO THEATRE. — Sole Proprietor, HENRY LOWENFELD; Lessee and Manager, TOM B. DAVIS.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
"VERONIQUE."
MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY at 2.

EMPIRE THEATRE.
"THE MILLINER DUCHESS,"
POPULAR DIVERTISSEMENT, AND MAGNIFICENT VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
DOORS 7.45.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

CHAS.
LANCASTER

Gunmaker by Warrants of Appointment to HIS MAJESTY THE KING, H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR, H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN, &c., &c.,
Invites application for his Illustrated Gun and Rifle Catalogue and Special Cartridge Lists.

HIGH VELOCITY 'CORDITE' RIFLES
·256, ·303, ·370, and ·450 Bore.
'ROSS' STRAIGHT-PULL MAGAZINE RIFLES.
SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.
Lee-Enfields, Mausers, and Mannlicher Rifles.
Single-Trigger Guns a Specialité.
"THE ART OF SHOOTING." 2s. 6d. Sixth and Popular Edition. Postage 6d. extra.
Gun Fitting and Coaching at Private Shooting Grounds near Willesden Junction, London, N.W.
CHARLES LANCASTER respectfully begs to inform his Customers and Sportsmen that his Business Established at 151, New Bond Street, W., in 1826, has now been transferred to larger and more convenient Premises at
11, PANTON ST. HAYMARKET
LONDON, S.W.

Avoid Imitations!
The Most Delicious Sweetmeat is,—
PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Wholesale, S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd. Dalston, London, N.E.

A Gift Suitable for Every Occasion.

"SWAN" Fountain Pens.

10/6

14/6

Silver 32/- 18ct. Rolled Gold 35/- 14ct. Gold 105/- 18ct. Gold 126/-

Hammered Silver 42/- 18ct. Rolled Gold 45/- 14ct. Gold 130/- 18ct. Gold 150/-

Chased—same prices as hammered.

Catalogue Post Free. Also Sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

Mabie, Todd & Bard, Manufacturers, 93, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Branches: 95a, Regent Street, W., 3, Exchange Street, Manchester, and 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris

FLOR DE DINDIGUL CIGARS

MAKE EXCELLENT PRESENTS

FLOR DE DINDIGUL CIGARS have been awarded 9 gold medals for general excellence. Sold at 3d. each (5 for 1s.); 9s. 6d. per box of 50. Then there is the **FLOR DE DINDIGUL EXTRA**, recently introduced, which is extra choice in quality and has a very fine flavour combined with softness and extreme delicacy. Price 4d. each; 14s. per box of 50. Of all good tobacconists, or post free of the Importers, BEWLAY & Co., Ltd., Tobacconists to the Royal Family, 49, Strand, W.C. Established 1780.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY

Established 1842.

SUBSCRIPTIONS OPENED AT ANY DATE, FOR THREE, SIX, AND TWELVE MONTHS.

English and Foreign Books are available on all Subscriptions.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS, **21s.** YEARLY.

Terms for Country, Suburbs, and Parcel Post sent post free on application.

SURPLUS BOOKS AND NEW REMAINDERS

OFFERED AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

The DECEMBER LIST, now Ready, contains Popular Works on Sport, Travel, Biography, and Fiction. Sent post free on application.

Books Shipped to all parts of the World.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY,

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON;

241, Brompton Road, S.W.; and 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER at Tallis Street, in the City of London.—DECEMBER 21, 1904.
Entered as second-class matter at New York (N. Y.) Post Office.